The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The December Bookman will be a special Christmas number. It will be copiously illustrated and will include a large pictorial supplement concerning the illustrated books of the year that will serve as an invaluable guide to the Christmas book-buyer. The frontispiece will be a reproduction in colour of one of Arthur Rackham's illustrations to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and with each copy will be presented a portfolio containing reproductions in colour of pictures by Edmund Dulac and W. Heath Robinson illustrating scenes from the plays of Shakespeare. Among the other contents of the Christmas Bookman will be articles on "Lady Randolph Churchill," by Ada Leverson, and on "Henley and Others," by Y.Y.

There are certain questions raised by Miss Ellen Terry in her "Story of My Life" that are of particular interest to both dramatists and novelists, and these questions will be discussed in the December Bookman by several representative authors and actors, including Sydney Grundy, Louis N. Parker, W. J. Locke, Justin Huntly M'Carthy, Mrs. M. E. Francis, W. H. Kendal, J. Forbes Robertson, George Alexander, Miss Lena Ashwell, Martin Harvey, and Sir Charles Wyndham.

Admirers of Goethe will learn with interest that the original manuscript of Eckermann's "Gespraechen mit Goethe" has been accidentally discovered in the archives of the famous publishing firm of Messrs. Brockhaus of Leipsic, together with all the letters which passed between Brockhaus and the author in the year 1836 with regard to the first edition of this notable work. The letters and the original manuscript give illuminating details—not found in any other edition—about the life and work of the great poet, and Messrs. Brockhaus have therefore decided to publish as soon as possible a new edition which will be a true reproduction of the original manuscript.

The literature of the Women's Suffrage movement is rapidly increasing. "Mixed Herbs" is a working-woman's protest against the agitation, and judging by some of its chapter-headings, it is likely to prove a piquant and provocative outburst. It is to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey had written the last pages of "The Sunny Side of the Hill" only just before she was taken with the long and severe illness from which she has suffered all through the summer

of this year, and from which her numerous readers and admirers will be glad to hear that she is now recovering. She is not yet well enough to resume work, however, and it is still uncertain whether she will be able to do so soon enough to get a new novel completed for publication next spring, as usual.

Elegant annuals, such as "The Garland," "Friendship's Offering," "The Keepsake," have long been out of fashion, but latterly they are reviving, in a modernised, up-to-date form, and getting back into popular favour. Each autumn yields a goodly crop of them, and this autumn brings us the first issue of "The Odd Volume" (edited by B. W. Matz and published by Simpkin, Marshall), an admirable addition to their number. It is a very bright and amusing miscellany of stories, articles, poems, and pictures by famous authors and artists such as George Meredith, F. Anstey, G. K. Chesterton, Austin Dobson, A. E. W. Mason, Marie Corelli, Arthur Rackham, Bernard Partridge, Byam Shaw, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Frank Reynolds, and some two score or so of others. We wish it every success for at least two reasons—it is an uncommonly good shilling's worth, and it is published with an uncommonly good object, for the entire profits from it will go to the development of that thoroughly deserving charity, the National Book Trade Provident Society.

Few poets lead so busy a life as the author of "Father O'Flynn." For the past thirty-four years Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves has been one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, yet he found time to serve for eight years as honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Society; has all along been an eager student of Irish folk song and story; is a Vice-President of the Irish Folk Song Society; and has for long past been a moving and most potent spirit in that Irish literary revival which began, before the time of the Gaelic League, with Sir Samuel Ferguson, Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, and some of the Young Ireland poets for its singers, and was continued by Standish O'Grady, John Todhunter, W. B. Yeats, and Katharine Tynan, and has, Mr. Graves considers, had its fullest flowering under the enthusiastic leadership of his friend Dr. Douglas Hyde. He modestly acquiesces in Dr. Hyde's notion that he has been "considerably Gaelicised as a result of the language revival," but as Miss Alice Milligan protested the other day, Mr. Graves is really "so far from being a humble disciple of the Gaelic revival" that he "must be recognised as one of its precursors—a trumpet-blowing herald who preceded the entrance of the chieftain."

His "Countryside Songs," which Mr. Graves has been gathering into two recent volumes, may be said to have had a three-fold inspiration: they were due in the first place to his country upbringing in the beautiful Kerry mountains amongst a highly intelligent and naturally refined peasantry; in the second to the early access he had to a vast and varied collection of Irish music, the airs in which had theretofore been unwedded to English words; and in the third to the influence of the Irish literary revival. Latterly Mr. Graves has given himself to a study of the music and literature of the Welsh, Manx, Highland, and Breton Celts, and is at present engaged in writing words to the leading Welsh melodies, as he has done already to some of the Manx airs, seeking always to keep in closest sympathy with their varying Celtic spirit. Nor has he neglected the folk songs of England. "The National Song Book," which now reaches the largest circulation

Mr. A. P. Graves and his daughter.

Photo by Kate Pragnell. **Helen Mathers.**
Author of "Gay Lawless."

of any collection of the folk songs of the four nations in the primary and secondary schools, contains as many of Mr. Graves's lyrics as it does of Moore's, in the Irish section; his versions from the Welsh have been accepted there as the standard ones, and four of his English lyrics are included in the volume. Among other plans for the future, Mr. Graves is meditating a volume of English, Welsh, and Manx Countryside Songs, and a set of translations from the Greek and German. We are reviewing his latest volume of poems in our next number.

There is a pathetic interest attaching to the latest new book of Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves). "Gay Lawless" is the last of a trio of sporting novels that should have had her son Philip's name, as well as her own, on their covers. "But," says Mrs. Reeves, "both the public and publishers fight shy of collaborators, and my son decided to write a novel entirely by himself. He had sketched out the plot, incidents, and characters of 'Gay Lawless,' and had written as far as the middle of the thirteenth chapter when he was taken ill and died of pneumonia, following on malaria contracted whilst on service abroad." Mrs. Reeves finished the book alone. It had been a great disappointment to her that his name could not appear with hers on the title-pages of the two earlier books, but he made no fuss about it, and had got well under way with "Gay Lawless" when, two days before he was seized with his fatal illness, "Pigskin and Petticoat" was published.

Mrs. Reeves comes of a sound sporting family; her ancestors, as far back as she can trace, were all hard-riding sportsmen and women, and the strain persists to this day in their descendants. Her father has been described as the best rider to hounds and cross-country rider in Somersetshire; her young nieces, the originals of the girls in "Tally Ho!" are distinguished for their fine horsemanship and "straight going"; and this inherited passion for horses, which seems to have missed her (for since the age of eight, she says, her literary ambitions have fully occupied all her thoughts and inclinations),

Lieut. Linley Philip Reeves, 2nd Lancers,
Son of Helen Mathers, and part-author of her new novel, "Gay Lawless."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Lewis Melville.**
Author of "The First George in Hanover and England."

reached its fullest force in her son, "who rode anything and everything he could get, and whilst cramming at Brighton picked up at a famous trainer's that intimacy with racing stables which he turned to such good account in 'Pigskin and Petticoat.'" He was considerably amused when he came home on leave from West Africa in 1906 to find that in writing "Tally Ho!" his mother had left blanks for him to fill, as thus "Phil follows on"—"Correct racing expression wanted here," and so forth. "It was the constant presence of trotters about Thames Ditton, where we were staying in 1907," remarks Mrs. Reeves, "that suggested to my son that he should write up a very pretty sport and produce a trotting novel," and in pursuance of this idea he began "Gay Lawless."

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, whose "Children of the Nile" is one of the outstanding books among the fiction of this autumn, is just finishing another novel of Oriental life. It deals with the native Christians of Palestine, the members of the old Byzantine Church of the country, in their relation to Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries and to English travellers. As soon as he has done with this, he is hoping to get back to Syria and to spend six months in contemplating the progress of Turkish regeneration. Mr. Pickthall has lived much in the East and has closely studied the elusive workings of the Oriental mind, but he is looking forward to settling down, on his return from Syria, to the writing of a novel of English life, simply for change of atmosphere and, as he modestly puts it, "to try my hand, for in that direction I am still a beginner."

Miss Lily Dougall is engaged on a new novel, which deals with the Tariff Reform controversy, in which she maintains a very keen interest. Familiar with both Protectionist and Free Trade countries, she has taken time to mature her judgment, and the main interest of her story will be a portrayal of what are, in her view, the real bearings of the controversy as opposed to the cant which is talked on both sides. The book will possibly be finished during the coming winter. Miss Dougall is not seen much in society; she is fond of retirement, lives a quiet country life in Devonshire, and happily has never been under the necessity of writing in haste, for she is not dependent on her literary work, and of late has published stories at only rare intervals. Our portrait of Miss Dougall in this issue is, by the way, the first of herself that she has ever allowed to be published.

There are certain passages in Miss Dougall's recently published novel, "Paths of the Righteous," which may lead some readers to fancy that she is a Christian Scientist, but she is no member of that body, and has never even investigated its tenets. She has, however, known several marvels of faith-healing in connection with orthodox Christianity, and if the miracles of the Gospel are to be revived, as many now claim that they are, it struck her as a picturesque point that at present they are not being revived in the line of the "apostolic succession." It is merely this picturesque divergence between what the Churchman might expect and what actually happens that she wished to bring out in the healing incident in "Paths of the Righteous," otherwise that incident has no place in her plot there. Miss Dougall is a Churchwoman, in sympathy with the liberal Anglican movement. She had not the smallest intention of expressing her private opinions through any one character of her book, her conviction being that the novelist should, in depicting life, divest himself as far as possible of all personal prejudices. For instance, she has no more interest in the spiritual tenets of the Baptists than in those of Christian Science; her

Photo by N. E. Coe, Norwich. **Mrs. Mary E. Mann.**
A recent portrait of the author of "The Heart-Smiter."

firm belief is that the most intense earnestness can be inspired by the Christian doctrine that underlies the differences of Christians, and that what is commonly called "narrowness" is not necessary to an intense religious life, but rather detrimental to it.

Every second novelist you meet nowadays confesses that he is turning his attention to the stage, and hoping sooner or later to see some characters of his creation materialise before the footlights; so it is not surprising to hear that Mrs. Mary E. Mann's dramatic instinct and rare gifts of characterisation have led her to tempt fortune with a play which is now in the desk or on the table of a certain actor-manager, waiting to be read. This and the writing of a number of short stories has occupied so much of Mrs. Mann's time that she has no new book yet approaching completion ("The Heart-Smiter," issued last month, was finished about a year ago); but she is contemplating a sequel to "The Memories of Ronald Love," which many critics consider her best novel.

It is refreshing to meet with an author who has no fault to find with publishers, critics, or public. Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy says that from the beginning of her literary career she has had no difficulty in finding kindly publishers for her books; reviewers have praised them generously, and the public has done its duty in the matter of buying them. In her latest novel, "Hilary on her Own," she has embodied something of autobiography. Hilary's working experiences were her own experiences. "Like so many girls in these days," she says, "I tired of my pleasant, comfortable, though unexciting home in the North, and literally arrived with a five-pound note in my pocket to conquer London. I was extremely happy in my work, too, and only gave it up at the end of two years to marry." Her husband is her severest critic, but his criticisms are never published. The unpleasant, dreary side of the working-girl's life has been frequently revealed in fiction; Mrs. Barnes-Grundy happens to know that there is a pleasanter side of it, and readers of "Hilary" may share that knowledge with her.

We are indebted to Sir Joseph Duveen for permission to reproduce Mr. Sargent's painting of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth; to the Garrick Club for allowing us to use the Maclise drawing of Thackeray; and to Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Cassell, and Messrs. Methuen for their kind assistance with other portraits and illustrations in this number.

Photo by W. S. Stuart, Richmond. **Mrs. Mabel Barnes-Grundy.**
Author of "Hilary on her Own."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best piece of advice from English literature to a young man or woman about to marry.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MR. THOMAS TIPLADY, Wesleyan College, Richmond, for the following:

THE KISS. BY ANTON TCHEKHOFF.

"Which made me look a thousand different ways."
WORDSWORTH.

Among the best of the large number of other quotations submitted are:

THE END OF THE JOURNEY. BY E. H. COOPER.

"There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."—*Old Limerick.*

(Miss A. P. Penn Gaskell, Halcyon Lodge, 52, Lyford Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

A KNOWING DOG. BY E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

"Thereby hangs a tale."
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, II. vii.

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

MORE'S "UTOPIA" (POCKET EDITION).

"The little More,
And how much it is!"
BROWNING.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, London, W.)

JOHN SILENCE. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"Oh that those lips had language!"—COWPER.

(E. Ridley, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

"I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle."
2 *Henry VI.*, V. iii.

(Edward M. Layton, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E.)

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

(Phyllis I. Lithauer, 3, St. James's Mansions, West-End Lane, N.W.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best list of outworn quotations has been awarded to MISS HYLDA MORPE-WALKER, of 17, Moffett Street, Westoe, South Shields, for a list of 247 of such quotations, over 200 of which are quite outworn enough to qualify for inclusion.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MR. G. E. WAKERLEY, 9, Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, for the following:

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

Mr. Chesterton writes both articles and books; one, the product of the moment, the passing fancy, written in haste; the other, the maturer judgments of his mind: his serious contributions to criticism. "All Things Considered" is a collection of articles; yet to dismiss them as unworthy of attention would be unjust. They are full of Mr. Chesterton's surprising sanity, profound seriousness, irresponsive wit; and not a little of his paradoxical nonsense. All are interesting: sometimes because of the subject—often in spite of it. But they are merely the parings of his pencil as he sharpens it for finer work.

The best of the other reviews submitted are:

APOLOGIA DIFFIDENTIS. BY W. COMPTON LEITH. (John Lane.)

This book suffers because of its great predecessors. It charms one with that incommunicable charm which is never cried in the market-place; but the shade of Stevenson lurks behind the extreme felicity of style; and the uplifting attitude to human life contains more than a hint of Walter Pater. Even so, it is good that the mantles of these heroic spirits should descend upon contemporary shoulders, and we have here to be thankful for some beautiful work. It only remains for the author to develop a little more individuality, and, hey presto! he will bound into place beside the Olympians.

(Miss B. M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

MIRAGE. BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Methuen.)

From beginning to end, this is a charming book. There is such an intermingling of joy and sadness in it, that it is difficult to say which predominates. The old French Vicomte with his idea that "it is bourgeois to despair," the manservant Courtot, the dainty heroine, and the villain of the story, all live for the reader. Mr. Temple Thurston has written an entrancing story, and we lay it down with regret, feeling that we would like to know more of characters whose joys and sorrows have helped us to forget for a little "this work-a-day world."

(Mrs. Harvie Anderson, 9, Loudon Terrace, Glasgow, W.)

From amongst the numerous reviews received we select for special commendation those by M. Farwell (Burnham), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss E. Parkinson (Chelsea), Evelyn Campbell-Collins (Queen Victoria Street, E.C.), Miss Godley (Dublin), Mrs. Stirling (Glenfarg), and Wm. Macintyre (Clydebank).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by Mrs. JOHN ADAMS, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

THE READER.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

By Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B.

THESE two well-printed volumes,* especially the first, afford much interesting reading for the general Public and many instructive lessons for Administrators, Cabinet Ministers, and soldiers, chiefly by showing the errors of their predecessors. The reputation of Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, later Lord Dalhousie, will now stand out much higher amongst students of the Crimean War literature than it did after Mr. Kinglake published his sixth volume in 1870. The editors of the book describe Panmure as "essentially a man of strong will and dominating personality." These characteristics are clearly shown in his correspondence, which, moreover, justifies the written opinion of a former private secretary in another work, who described his Chief as "a thorough gentleman, violent, absolute, and strong-willed."

Lord Palmerston's decided character is forcibly exhibited, accompanied as it was by a somewhat flippant mode of expression, as when, in supporting the establishment of a Staff College, he insisted on *aides-de-camp* being taught to write legibly, because "officers of the Army are apt in general to write like kitchen-maids."

The military knowledge and literary accomplishments of the officers of fifty years ago were not equal to those of the present day, but "The Panmure Papers" clearly indicate that no generation could produce three more unselfish, high-souled, patriotic British gentlemen than the three generals—Lord Raglan, Sir James Simpson, and Sir William Codrington—who successively commanded our troops in the Crimea.

The memory of her late Majesty Queen Victoria is the one which gains most of all from a close perusal of the numberless letters addressed to her, and some 190 from her which now, in these two volumes, see the light for the first time. The Queen, in her careful decisions on the higher appointments in the Army, in her intense sympathy with the sufferings of the troops, and in her insistence on the improvements in military hospitals at home and abroad, stands out as not only a great monarch, but as a very great woman. She disallowed the grant of a Victoria Cross to a brave soldier whose courageous act had been sullied by cruelty on the battlefield! She deprecated impulsive and hasty issuing of rewards on incomplete information, reminding the Cabinet of previous cases where much inconvenience had thus arisen. She showed a higher sense of duty than did her Army chiefs in objecting to officers returning home from the Crimea "on urgent private affairs." The Queen was doubtless in those days assisted by the Prince Consort, who was not only a devoted husband, but a valued adviser. The Prince's thorough acquaintance with the Continental Army systems enabled him to see more clearly than did our Ministers the difficulties of maintaining in the field an army which was supposed to be supplied by different Departments working under the Treasury, and independent of the Commander-in-Chief. Prince Albert's able and interesting letters reveal a high sense of patriotism. The Queen had great natural abilities and knowledge. She had been carefully educated, and although the Prince Consort's aid was gladly accepted, Her Majesty did not actually require help in forming a judgment on military affairs. She made it clear to the writer of this notice, in September, 1879, that she had studied not only the line of advance of her troops on Ulundi, but all alternative routes.

Queen Victoria successfully maintained the monarch's Prerogative to command the Army, and Lord Panmure consistently supported his Sovereign in this constitutional endeavour.

Fox Maule succeeded to the title in 1852. He was educated with Henry Havelock, who died from exhaustion after the Relief of Lucknow in 1858.

While Maule was still a Charterhouse schoolboy his father visited him and endeavoured by persuasion and threats to induce him to give up the society of his mother. She, a very beautiful woman, brought up as a strict Presbyterian, was living in Scotland with her younger children when she heard reports of her husband's life in London, where he was staying for his Parliamentary duties, which caused her to leave his house and go back to her relations. Mr. Fox Maule put the following alternatives to his schoolboy son: "Take my side, hold no communication with your mother, and I'll put you into Parliament and provide for you; or side with her, and you'll get a commission in the Army and an allowance of £100 per annum." The boy "stood for the Right"; his father would never see him again, and for twenty-five years the son lived on the proceeds of a post-obit. He entered Parliament in 1835 and was almost immediately made an Under Secretary in the Home Office. He was a decided Liberal, but repudiated for himself and for Scotland all sympathy with the prominent Chartists and with those who were then agitating for the "People's Charter."

Early in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was defeated over the Corn Law Bill, Lord John Russell came back to power, and in July, 1846, offered Mr. Fox Maule the office of Secretary of State at War, but without a seat in the Cabinet. For six years Maule worked on steadily, making improvements in the conditions of Army service; obtaining for soldiers marching money, additional fuel, an increase of 2d.—from 6d. to 8d.—to the minimum pension, introducing the ten years' Act of Enlistment, and an educational test for officers joining the Army. In 1850 he urged the placing of

* "The Panmure Papers." Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B. With a Supplementary Chapter by the late Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D. 2 vols. With photogravure portraits. 24s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

all Departments of the Army under one responsible Minister, but no reform was possible while the Duke of Wellington lived, and Fox Maule left the War Office in 1851, to succeed Sir John C. Hobhouse as President of the Board of Control. He was out of office, with his party, within three weeks, and two months later became Lord Panmure.

He came back to the War Office in February, 1855, when the charge of the two offices of Secretary at War and for War were combined in his person. The remnants of our "starving and naked army" were perishing from causes within our own control, and but few other men would have dared to face the righteous but misplaced anger of the British Public.

He himself wrote on assuming office: "The system by which an army should be provisioned is non-existent." Nearly all he did was excellent, though he wrote censures which were not only unreasonable but unjust, blaming Lord Raglan for not having the troops supplied with fresh vegetables, medicines, clothing, and shelter. The Cabinet was responsible for the letter, but the onus of Lord Panmure's bitter reproaches to the General-in-Command rested on this hard-hitting Minister. Mr. Kinglake, Lord Raglan's ardent champion, venomously described Lord Panmure as having "no base malignity, and being more after all the rhinoceros than the tiger of Palmerston's Cabinet." Lord Raglan suffered from our want of system. He could only requisition Mr. Filder, the Commissary-General, for supplies. Mr. Filder asked the Treasury from September onwards for forage; Lord Raglan reminded the Secretary at State for War twice in November, four times in January, of the urgency for shipments of horses' food. In the result, England sent out the first, and that only a small, consignment in January 1855!

While the troops were starving from inability to carry supplies from Balaklava seven miles up to the camps, there were still 2,000 pack animals at Varna, where at one time we had collected 5,000; but as Lord Panmure wrote on assuming office, there was no trained General Staff, and, speaking generally, most of his animadversions on Lord Raglan would have been more properly directed against his own colleagues and their predecessors.

The Ministers awoke just eleven months too late to the necessities of an Army in the Field, and on February 12, in Palmerston's handwriting, ordered:

(*a*) A Land Transport Corps to be formed.

(*b*) Sanitary Commissioners, and a corps to be sent out to the East.

(*c*) A Commissariat reorganisation.

(*d*) Arrangements to be made for Base hospitals.

The Commander-in-Chief at Home was not apparently in the confidence of the Cabinet, and the Queen had often to suggest that his opinion should be taken. From want of information, Ministers anticipated that on the capture of Sebastopol "the success would be followed up" by an attack on the Russian Field Army, and were disappointed to learn fourteen days later, on September 22, that there was transport available for only half the Troops. Again, when in midwinter 1855–6 Lord Panmure drew out a plan of operations involving an advance into the interior, he had not realised that the necessary transport was still incomplete, and it was the Queen once more who urged that careful preparations should at once be made in allotting sufficient carriage to Regiments and Divisions.

It is remarkable how Ministers resented the fact of the bitter sufferings of England's soldiers in the Crimea becoming known. Panmure vituperates W. Howard Russell's priceless letters, the saving of the remnants of our Army, which were then appearing in "the villainous *Times*," and when Lord Palmerston failed to crush Mr. Roebuck's motion for "a Committee of Inquiry as to the condition of our Army before Sebastopol and into the conduct of Departments of the Army, whose duty it has been to minister to its wants," Mr. Gladstone, deprecating an inquiry, resigned, and was followed by Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert. This was the more strange in that Panmure minuted a paper in that month for the Cabinet, showing that our misfortunes had arisen from successive Governments trying to gain popularity by Army reductions, and had already condemned our faulty system.

Whatever may have been Lord Panmure's defects of manner, experience has proved that in his abolition of the Board of Ordnance and in placing the Royal Artillery under the Commander-in-Chief, his views were sounder than those of Lord Raglan, and it is remarkable that this outspoken Scot and the unusually courteous, noble-minded man, the Prince Consort, nearly always agreed on the principles of Army reforms.

The harsh terms of Panmure's despatch of February 12, 1855, to Lord Raglan were softened by a pleasant private letter, written on the same day, and its kindliness is not impaired by the writer's masterful ignorance in laying down that the troops should have made a seven-mile roadway from Balaklava with a stone foundation, and this at a time when every man was on duty of some sort, day and night, and in one week a battalion was in the trenches for six nights.

Lord Panmure was not only kind-hearted, as shown in his letter of encouragement to General Simpson dated July 18, 1855, but intensely anxious for the good of the public service, and that no incapable general should succeed to the command in the Crimea. It is curious to notice in the discussion as to a successor to General Sir James Simpson the reason for preferring Sir William Codrington, a young man, to Sir Colin Campbell, who had fought in 1808. It was alleged that the latter's supposed ignorance of the French language rendered his appointment impossible. Colin Campbell enjoyed more friendly intercourse with our Allies than any other British general in the Crimea, and for many years lived on most intimate terms with a French friend who could not speak a word of English.

Sir William Codrington's grand character comes out in a letter to Lord Panmure, dated May 10, 1856, when he deprecates being ordered home overland to lead the troops, some of whom were then nearing England,

in a Review past the Queen, holding that his duty was to see the last battalion out of the Crimea, and suggesting Colin Campbell's name for the honour.

Lord Panmure's great error of judgment was in opposing the abolition of purchase of commissions in the Army, but the good he wrought in helping to better our antiquated military maladministration entitles his memory to the gratitude of his countrymen.

HENRY IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.*

THE friendship and collaboration of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry was unique in the history of the stage. Such a lasting partnership would have been exceptional and surprising in any department of art. In the region of the drama it will become almost incredible with the passage of time and may assume some of the characteristics of a legend. The conditions of the service of the theatre do not make for real or permanent friendships. There is an incessant rivalry for the limelight and the applause and the publicity among the leading actors that breeds jealousy and evil-speaking in all but the rare few who love humanity more than they worship success. The form of the vagabondage and the character of the groove in which the mummers live and move have changed: to-day it is a matter of express trains and first-class cabins and flying matinées, of Green Room Clubs and the like. But one of the most distinctive points about the acting profession is still its nomadic character and the smallness of the opportunities it affords for the making and cementing of strong friendships in the world without the theatre.

When Henry Irving died in the remote provinces, attended only by a single aged servant, he illustrated in several ways the penalties which the actor too often pays for a passing fame, or the sanctity of a theatrical ideal. Irving was the greatest figure in the dramatic annals of his time; and it was a lonely death for such a one to die. Whether it was tragic or not depends to some extent upon the point of view; that it was a sad sequel to a life of comparative friendlessness hardly can be doubted. In "The Life of Henry Irving" Mr. Austin Brereton attempts in some way to deal with the prevalent impression—an impression strengthened on reading "The Story of My Life" by Ellen Terry—that Irving passed his days for the most part in a depressing solitude of heart and soul. True, in the years of his prosperity Irving gathered about him an army of brilliant coadjutors, and some of them, like Mr. Bram Stoker, were of a singular faithfulness and value. True, also, he was on terms of intimacy with the editors of a few theatrical papers and a few dramatic critics; and he was patronised by some important people and entertained by many nobodies. But of close friends, disinterested and completely trusted friends, Irving had none, or only one; Miss Ellen Terry is not sure that he had one. There was a self-sufficiency (the term is used in no offensive sense) about Irving that repelled rather than invited confidence, and with it a curious unreality. Outside the theatre he did more than any other actor to exalt the social standing of the actor in the world of real men and women, but actually he was little more than the embodied spirit of the British theatre. He may or may not have wanted friends: as a young man probably he did not, as an old man, though generous with money in a princely way, he was much of a cynic. Yet, as their powers fail and the twilight deepens, most old men who have given chiefly to ambition what was meant for the pleasant cultivation of their fellows and themselves are filled with anger and dismay that they did no better with their lives. In some of the later letters of Irving this note seems to be echoed through an eager phrase or two, although to Ellen Terry, near the last, he preached the ancient and doubtful gospel that "work is enough."

Irving had an illness at Wolverhampton in 1905—

Photo by Window & Grove.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Olivia," as the Vicar of Wakefield and Olivia.
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

* "The Story of My Life." By Ellen Terry. Illustrated. Price 6s. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)—"The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. Illustrated. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

he was dying for years before the end came so suddenly —and Ellen Terry went down to see him.

"At last," she says, "I found some daffodils—my favourite flower. I bought a bunch, and the kind florist, whose heart was in the right place if his flowers were not [most of his flowers were funeral flowers], found me a nice simple glass to put it in. I knew the sort of vase that I should find at Henry's hotel. I remembered, on my way to the doctor's—for I had decided to see the doctor first—that in 1892 when my dear mother died, and I did not act for a few nights, when I came back I found my room at the Lyceum filled with daffodils. 'To make it look like sunshine,' Henry said.

"The doctor talked to me quite frankly. 'His heart is dangerously weak,' he said. 'Have you told him?' I asked. 'I had to, because the heart being in that condition he must be careful.' 'Did he understand, *really*?' 'Oh yes, he said he quite understood.'

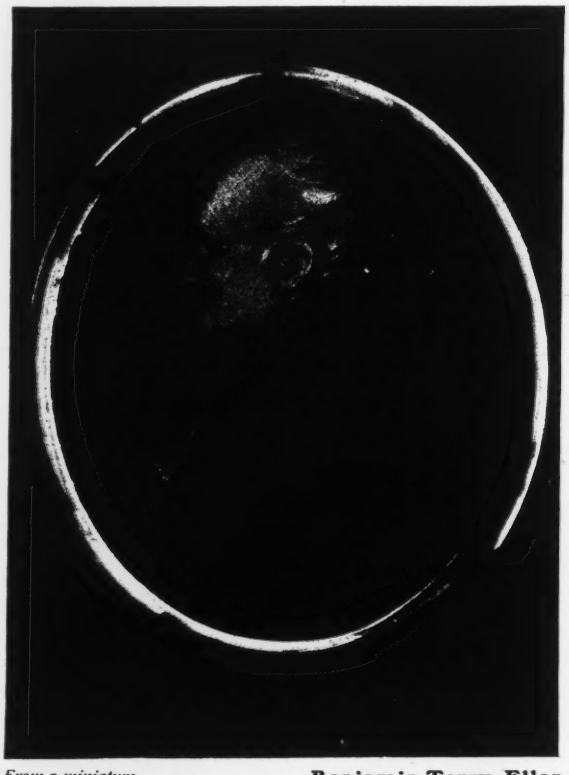
"Yet a few minutes later, when I saw Henry and begged him to remember what the doctor had said about his heart, he exclaimed, 'Fiddle! It's not my heart at all. It's my *breath*!' (Oh, the ignorance of great men about themselves.) 'I also told him,' the Wolverhampton doctor went on, 'that he must not work so hard in future.' Then I went round to the hotel. I found Irving sitting up in bed drinking his coffee. He looked like some beautiful grey tree that I have seen in Savannah. His old dressing-gown hung about his frail yet majestic figure like some mysterious grey drapery. We were both very much moved and said little.

"'I'm glad you've come! Two queens have been kind to me this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you——'

"He showed me the Queen's gracious message. I told him he looked thin and ill, but *rested*.

Photo by Miss Bond, Southsea. **Ellen Terry, 1856, at the age of seven.**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)



From a miniature. **Benjamin Terry, Ellen Terry's Grandfather.**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

"'Rested! I should think so. I have plenty of time to rest. They tell me I shall be here eight weeks. Of course, I shan't, but still——' . . .

"We fell to talking about work. . . .

"'What a wonderful life you've had, haven't you?' I exclaimed, thinking of it all in a flash.

"'Oh yes,' he said quietly, . . . 'a wonderful life—of *work*.'

"'And there's nothing better, after all, is there?'

"'Nothing!'

"'What have you got out of it all? . . . You and I are getting on, as they say. Do you ever think, as I do sometimes, what you have got out of life?'

"'What have I got out of it?' said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. 'Let me see. . . . Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine—good friends!' Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous: always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value. [It was Irving's courtesy, as he gave way to Miss Terry at a theatre pay-box, which formed her first notable recollection of him; as his courtesy at Wolverhampton formed her last.]

"'That's not a bad summing-up of it all,' I said. 'And the end. . . . How would you like that to come?'

"'How would I like that to come?' He repeated my question lightly, yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words. 'Like that.' I thought of the definition of inspiration—a calculation made rapidly. Perhaps he had never thought of the manner of his death before. Now he had an inspiration as to how it would come.

"We were silent for a long time, I thinking how like some splendid Doge of Venice he looked, sitting up in his bed, his beautiful mobile hand stroking his chin. . . .

"The first time that the Wolverhampton doctor's warning was disregarded and Henry played 'The Bells' at Bradford, his heart could not stand the strain. Within twenty-four hours of his last death as Mathias he was dead. What a heroic thing was that last performance of Becket, which came between! I am told by those who were in the company at the time that he was obviously suffering and dazed, this last night of his life. But he went through it as usual. 'The courteous little speech to the audience, the signing of a worrying boy's drawing at the stage-door—all that he had done for years he did faithfully for the last time."

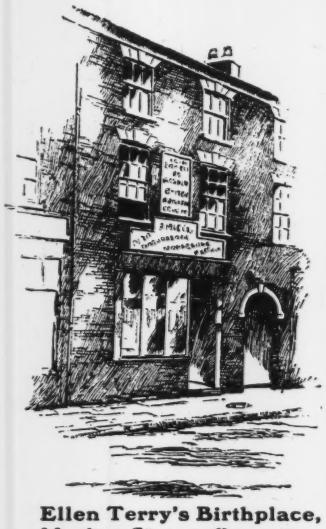
Whether Irving was the greatest actor we have had in England is a question that may be left open. Many critics regard Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet as greater than anything that Irving ever did; but Miss Terry and others will not have it so, and there are few finer judges of acting, as there are few women with a keener literary sense, than Ellen Terry. Mr. Frankfort Moore praised the Romeo of Irving, which most people thought absurd and Tennyson said was not a best possible. Everybody agreed that Irving's Becket was fine. His Malvolio was almost bad; his Shylock doubtful. So we might span the list. The more weird and uncanny the rôle the better was Irving suited—save in the case of Becket. Mr. William Archer remarks that Irving looked like a great prelate and he was a great diplomatist. There were only two faces on the stage in the last century, says Ellen Terry—Irving's and Duse's. Irving's face, his intellect, and valour were the only aids that nature gave him in his fight for fame. In a way, nature was gracious to him: in another she was mean. He had not the instinct for acting; his body was grotesque, as a whole, rather than distinguished, until advancing years endowed it with a quality of venerableness that was extremely picturesque and beautiful; his voice was bad. He had small literary or artistic taste—"Henry loved fustian," says Miss Terry. His technique was seldom above reproach, even at the end. His mind was analytical and perhaps too subtle for genuine popularity. Miss Terry doubts whether Irving was ever really "popular"; she thinks he compelled the homage of the crowd rather than won it. If not a scholar, Irving was a student, though on narrow lines. He was interested deeply, as both his sons are, in the psychology of crime. When he was preparing to produce a play he read not only the play, but all the literature he could lay hands on pertaining to its period and characters. During three or four months he would wrestle with a Shakespearean text and then he would read it to the Lyceum company just as it was to be done on the stage, and explain scene by scene the why and the wherefor of the same. Some one asked him, long after he was world-famous, about a line in "Titus Andronicus," and Irving admitted frankly that he had not read the play and knew nothing of the line. This was the real Irving: he was immersed in the thing he was doing at the moment, and he bent his life absolutely and entirely to the service of the theatre.

Irving started out with the determination to make the world accept him as a great actor; and he succeeded. Incidentally, but it was only incidentally, he revived the glory of Shakespeare on the London stage and presented a few good pieces, though very few, by more modern authors. He fused for the first time in history the titles of actor and gentleman. He developed the highly decorative presentation of poetical plays—a contribution to the popularity of the theatre that may not have been an advantage unalloyed to the cause of the Drama. How full he filled his life with theatrical endeavour one may realise by a study of the array of rôles he played. There were 671 of them—428 first acted in Edinburgh, 160 in other provincial cities, and 83 in London. Apart from his production of the plays of Tennyson, Irving's almost only service to the literary drama resolved itself into the creation of a demand among his patrons for acting versions of the Shakespearean plays and of Goethe's "Faust."

In Miss Terry's very charming book—a book that will live, no doubt, as one of the most delightful of several delightful volumes of recollections that the present generation has seen—the sense of loneliness referred to already as dominating the career of Irving, and especially its close, is explained by a hundred little touches. The actors are as ships that pass in the night and merely speak their fellows in passing. Most of the spiritually profitable friendships of Miss Terry—and she is as warm and friendly as Irving was cold and difficult—have been with artists and literary people,

Charles Kean and Ellen Terry,
In "The Winter's Tale," April 28, 1856. Ellen Terry in the character of Mamillius.
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

rather than with actors and actresses. Bernhardt (who looks "like smoke from a burning paper") and other actresses and actors have been ardent admirers of Ellen Terry; but Tennyson, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, and divers other literary personages and painters have been the subjects of her closest and most inspiring friendships. "I was never very ambitious," says Miss Terry. That may have been one of the reasons why she and Irving stayed together so long. It is probably one of the reasons why she made far more friends than most actresses and was a sort of bridge that for many years linked Irving with the hearts of a small circle of mutual acquaintances. "I believe in immortality, and my belief is strengthened with advancing years," wrote Irving once. "Without faith in things spiritual, this life would indeed be a weary waste." On this side of Irving the influence of Miss Terry undoubtedly had considerable weight; and she must have lessened materially the "dreariness" of his life by her tender solicitude and gentle worship. Tennyson's kindly admiration also, although not greatly intimate, was treasured deep in Irving's heart. He was quite touched when he recited how the dying Laureate had told his medical man that Irving would do him greater justice in "Becket" than was done for his "Promise of May." Tennyson had hoped to write a Dante play for Irving; eventually Irving staged that dreary piece of pseudo-Italian stage carpentry by Sardou which was one of his most disastrous failures. "The Foresters" was intended for the Lyceum. Such faith had Tennyson in Irving's ability that he told him to "do anything he pleased" with "Becket," and the Tennyson of the Irving-Terry experience was a very attractive figure.



Ellen Terry's Birthplace, Market Street, Coventry.
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

"Tennyson told me to say *luncheon*, not *lunch*," says Miss Terry; and again:

"The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder, handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail, and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time, I only remember her lying on a sofa. In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset, the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognise the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked up the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfuly simple. . . . It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rôle.

"That Browning with his carefully brushed hat, smart coat and fine society manners was a poet always seemed to me more incomprehensible than his poetry, which I think most people would have taken straightforwardly and read with a fair amount of ease, if certain enthusiasts had not founded societies for making his crooked places plain, and (to me) his plain places very crooked. These societies have terrorised the ordinary reader into leaving Browning alone. The same thing has been tried with Shakespeare, but fortunately the experiment in this case has proved less successful. Coroners' inquests by learned societies can't make Shakespeare a dead man. . . .

"At Freshwater I was still so young [she was seventeen and the wife of G. F. Watts] that I preferred playing Indians and Knights of the Round Table with Tennyson's sons Hallam and Lionel, and the young Camerons, to

Photo by W. G. Lacy, Ryde. **Ellen and Kate Terry in "Distant Relations."**
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

Photo by W. G. Lacy, Ryde. **Ellen and Kate Terry in "Home for the Holidays."**
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

"A little cheque."
Digby Grant in "Two Roses."
From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans.)

"You annoy me very much."
Digby Grant in "Two Roses."
From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans.)

sitting indoors noticing what the poet did and said. I was mighty proud when I learned to prepare his daily pipe for him. It was a long churchwarden, and he liked the stem to be steeped in a solution of sal volatile or something of that kind, so that it did not stick to his lips. But he and all the others seemed very old. There were my young knights waiting for me; and jumping gates, climbing trees, and running paper-chases are pleasant when one is young.

"It was not to inattentive ears that Tennyson read his poems. His reading was most impressive, but I think he read Browning's 'Ride from Ghent to Aix' better than anything of his own, except perhaps 'The Northern Farmer.' He used to preserve the monotonous rhythm of the galloping horses in Browning's poem, and he made the words come out sharply like hoofs upon a road. It was a little comic until one got used to it, but that fault lay in the ear of the hearer. It was the right way to read this particular poem, and I have never forgotten it."

Tennyson read his play "The Cup" to the Lyceum company at Eaton Place, and, says Miss Terry:

"Like most poets he read in a monotone, rumbling on a low note in much the same way that Shelley is said to have

Miss Bateman as Queen Mary, Irving as Philip.
From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans.)

screamed on a high one. For the women's parts he changed his voice suddenly, climbing up into a key which he could not sustain. In spite of this I was beginning to think how impressive it all was when I looked up and saw Edy [Miss Edith Craig, Miss Terry's daughter], who was sitting on Henry's knee, looking over his shoulder at young Hallam and laughing; and Henry, instead of reproaching her, on the broad grin. There was much discussion as to what the play should be called and as to whether the names Synorix and Sinnatus would be confused. 'I don't think they will,' I said, for I thought this was a very small matter for the poet to worry about. 'I do!' said Edy in a loud clear voice; 'I haven't known one from the other all the time.' 'Edy, be good,' I whispered. Henry as usual was delighted at Edy's independence, but her mother was unutterably ashamed."

Photo by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, taken at Freshwater in 1865.

Ellen Terry at the age of seventeen,
After her marriage to Mr. George Frederick Watts.
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

Tom Taylor introduced Miss Terry to Watts: her family made, and later on unmade, the marriage to him. Miss Terry has no grievance against Watts. She was happy in an æsthetic, dreamy way with him, charmed by the beauty of his home, bewildered by his genius, and impressed by the brilliancy of his friends. With the exception of her six years' rural retirement at Harpenden, where she brought up her children on original lines, looked after 200 fowls and ducks, harnessed the pony, fetched milk in the evening across the common, and generally lived the Simple Life, her days with Watts were probably among the happiest of her early years.

Charles Reade, riding with hounds, came upon a lady in a broken carriage in a Hertfordshire lane. The bailiffs were in her house; and he recognised her as the "Nelly" Terry of earlier London entertainments. He tempted her back to the footlights with a salary of £40 per week. Had there been no Charles Reade there might have been no renown for Ellen Terry—it is extremely improbable that there would have been an Irving-Terry collaboration at the Lyceum Theatre. Reade emerges from Miss Terry's volume as a queer character—a great novelist bitten with the fever to write plays and run theatrical companies, losing money by the handful. On tour he would assist the stage hands in the manufacture of artificial waves!

Tom Taylor, who was a second father to Miss Terry, is described with a loving and appreciative pen. Taylor was dramatic and art critic of the *Times*, editor of *Punch*, and a civil servant at one and the same time; and he was for ever writing "addresses" and vamping plays. He wrote too much and adapted too much. Like Miss Terry, he lived for the moment: he was without ambition, but he wanted every one to "have a good time." He befriended all who were in need and who came to him. One day he gave an old actress £15 in the street; and Mrs. Taylor said her only surprise was that the sum was not double as much.

Miss Terry knew Gladstone in a sort of side way. He seemed to her "like a suppressed volcano: his face was pale and calm, but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna." She saw Disraeli a few times; and once she ran into him in Oxford Street so that he should look up and she might see his eyes. He wore a blue tie, "a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear," and "his straggling curls shook as he walked." Miss Terry loves his novels—"like his tie, brighter in colour than any one else's." Some of Miss Terry's best stories are of Rossetti, who bought a white bull once because its eyes were like those of "Janie" Morris—wife of the author of "The Earthly Paradise"—and it ate his lawn up and kicked his garden to pieces. Then Rossetti obtained a peacock, which stuck under the sofa and died there. "Bulls don't like me," said Rossetti, "and peacocks aren't homely." Rossetti's dormice went to sleep for the winter—and never woke again; his tortoises were eaten by the beetles they were to eat; and his armadillos preferred his neighbour's vineyards to Rossetti's. A tiny pen-portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes is perfect: "Four feet upon a fender was his idea of happiness, he told me." We see Ward Beecher, ill, but healing himself by looking at the coloured lights in precious stones; and Bernard Shaw is in the gallery, of course, "alive, with nine lives like a cat."

In Mr. Brereton's volumes we have the body of the Irving-Terry co-operation. In Miss Terry's "Story" we have its spirit. They are both valuable; but while one is a compilation and will grow old, the other is a book and will live. It is not impossible that "The Story of My Life" may last as long as any conceivable memorial to the great and fruitful association of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

AUTHORS AT WORK.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF WORKING IN LONDON—AND OUT OF IT.

BY JEROME K. JEROME, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, W. W. JACOBS, H. G. WELLS, H. RIDER HAGGARD, W. PETT RIDGE, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, ARTHUR MORRISON, E. F. BENSON, TOM GALLON, H. A. VACHELL, RICHARD WHITEING, W. E. NORRIS, MRS. MARY E. MANN, MRS. HENRY DUDENEY, AND MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

MUCH as he loved London, Lamb used to complain bitterly of its disadvantages as a place to work in. "The reason why I cannot write letters at home is that I am never alone," he writes to Mrs. Wordsworth. "Except my morning's walk to the office, which is like treading on sands of gold for that reason, I am never so. I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. All the morning I am pestered. Evening company I should always like, had I any mornings, but I am saturated with human faces (*divine* forsooth) and voices all the golden morning; and five evenings in a week would be as much as I should covet to be in company, but I assure you that it is a wonderful week in which I can get two, or one, to myself. I am never C. L., but always C. L. & Co."

He touches on this grievance in one of his "Popular Fallacies," and pitying the man whose home is no home because it is "infested with many visitors," describes how these casual callers "have a peculiarly compassionating sneer with which they hope they do not interrupt your studies." There are continual references in his letters to this drawback of living in London; it was, he said, the crowd of thoughtless callers and droppers-in who finally drove him from Islington to seek quiet and leisure at Enfield, but even here for a while they followed him, and he writes despairingly to Bernard Barton: "Whither can I take wing from the oppression of human faces? Would I were in a wilderness of apes, tossing cocoanuts about, grinning and grinned at!"

If it was not easy for the literary worker to secure peace and privacy in the London of Lamb's day, it is ten times harder now, when London is so much larger, so much noisier, so much more crowded. Aforetime, the author in the country seemed to feel that, if he meant to do anything, it was essential that he should come and live and work in London; now, he more often feels that, to do any good, he must escape from it and live elsewhere. With certain notable exceptions, our twentieth-century novelists, dramatists, poets, and authors generally find that for purposes of serious work it suits them better to take up residence outside London.

Mr. Robert Hichens was saying recently that after fifteen years of London life he found the noise and restlessness and worry of social exactions were too much for him, and it is significant that his best books have been written since he turned his back on the hubbub of the streets, the wear and tear and trivial irritations inseparable from a polite fulfilment of one's duty to Society, and set up his writing table in the far-off seclusion of his Sicilian garden. Chatting to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome the other day, I asked him what had been his own experience in this regard.

Photo by Window & Grove.

Ellen Terry as Helen in "The Hunchback."
From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

JEROME K. JEROME
discusses the question.

"Personally," said Mr. Jerome, "I can't work in London, and never try to, now. I don't mind the noise—I don't notice it; but there are too many newspapers and too many people. That's what worries me. When I am in town I become dissipated in the matter of newspapers. I have too many of them. They are all about you everywhere here, and I am continually yielding to the temptation to lose my time pleasantly in reading them, and what is the result? I happen to be writing a play,

perhaps, and in the papers I read reviews of new plays by other men, and each critic points out different faults in them, until presently I begin to have doubts and get uneasy about the one I am writing myself. I go down to my club to forget it, and there I can't help hearing various members also discussing the new plays and exposing the flaws and weaknesses of them. Well, you know how it is with you when you hear people talking much about their ailments—after a bit, you seem to detect the symptoms and fancy you have got most of the same complaints yourself. In a similar fashion, what with reading the criticisms in the papers and listening to the critics at the club, I would soon begin to discover, or imagine I discovered, most of the same errors in the play I was busy on, grow dissatisfied with it, feel that this character must be altered, that scene reconstructed, this passage rewritten, that incident cut out, this situation modified, and so on till I was all in a tangle about it and could make no progress.

"In the country you evade such hindrances. You have a blessed sense of being really alone; you look out on the unpeopled green fields; your nearest neighbour is not next door; you neither hear nor see anything of London, and have a soothing feeling that it and the critics are such a long way off that they don't matter. You are not tempted by the sight of innumerable newspapers; you are not fidgeted by the fear of casual, unexpected callers; you are free from interruptions and can sit down and become quietly absorbed in your work and develop it in your own style, thinking of nothing else and caring for the opinion of nobody. Mind you, I'm not suggesting that a man should live in the country entirely; that would be as bad or worse than living entirely in London. The farmers say that, if they are to thrive, even the sheep require occasional changes of air and pasture; and though a man may do his best work in the country, I'm sure he does it the better for spending a fair proportion of his days in town, keeping in touch with humanity and the common interests of humanity, sharpening his wits against the wits of others, keeping himself sane and fresh and alert with a realisation of the wholesome certainty that he is still one of the human race and not a thing apart.

After a painting by J. Forbes Robertson. **Ellen Terry.**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

From a photograph after the picture by G. F. Watts, O.M., R.A. **The Sisters—Ellen and Kate Terry.**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

"One writer—a friend of my own—his early books were simply alive with human sympathy. He could not work comfortably in town and removed into the country altogether, and there he has cut himself off from everybody. He likes his rural surroundings; he is happy, dreaming and working in solitude; yet somehow when I read his later books, I always feel that whatever he has gained he has lost something too; they are finely written, but they are as remote from human experience as he is himself; there is no longer any warmth, any emotion in them.

"I can believe that some find the noise of London intolerable; it is of course a matter of temperament; but to me it seems that all the noises blend and are no more disturbing than the ceaseless roar of the sea is. And you are not harassed here with German bands and organ-grinders as we were in my younger time. When I was a journalist and had to live in London and make shift to work in it, I had a house in St. John's Wood, and we used to keep an odd man who had a salary of about fifteen shillings a week, and was mostly occupied in listening for organs and going out to make them be

quiet. You would hear a wandering musician start to grind out a melody on the other side of the square, or just round the corner, and almost in the same moment our man would emerge, prick up his ear to get the right direction, and glide off on the track. A minute later that tune would break off abruptly in the middle, and you would hear no more of it; as if our man had crept softly up behind the performer, made a sudden spring and put him out of his misery. I never inquired how he did it, and he never offered to take me into his confidence, but when I hear people wondering how it is organ-grinders have become so scarce I can't help thinking things.

"But it isn't only authors who suffer from those noises. Frederick Cowen lived a few doors away from me in St. John's Wood, and many a time when he has been composing an opera or a cantata an organ has struck up, without a moment's warning, immediately under his window and driven him raving mad. I do not compose music myself, but he often assured me that it was very difficult to do it whilst an organ was playing a different tune right in your ear, and he knew what he was talking about.

"Then there is this question of callers, of returning visits, and the whole round of social amenities—there is no doubt whatever they are a terrible tax on the time and nerves of the writing man. They interrupt him, put him out of the mood, prevent him from giving himself so wholly up to his work as he must do if he is to do it well. It's not so bad for bachelors like Pett Ridge; they can keep out of most for it, if they want to. People don't expect so much of bachelors in the social way as they do of married men. When an author is married and residing in London, he has either got to offend his wife's friends and his own friends by cutting them all, dodging their entertainments, abstaining from visiting them or being visited by them; or he may except a select minority and turn the majority into enemies; or he can leave off working and give all his time—you can't do it in less than all—to a respectable and complete but unprofitable fulfilment of his social obligations till he has spent the last of his savings, and has to retire into the workhouse, unless by then he is old enough to qualify for his Old Age Pension. The only wise alternative to these fatal courses, which involve either the loss of your friends or the loss of your income, is—to go away betimes and live and work in the country, and only come to London when you are out to play."

From the drawing by Fred Barnard. **Irving as Louis XI.**
From "The Life of Henry Irving." (Longmans)

Questioned on this same subject, several well-known writers have been good enough to send us the following private views:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
could write in a foundry.

"If you come to traffic, hurry, rush, and restlessness, an express train can hold its own with London on all four points; but I have done a good deal of literary work in such trains. If I recollect aright William Morris made his translation of the Odyssey, which has all the celestial airs of the Ionian Sea over it, when racketing about in trains to lecture on Socialism in the provinces. Trollope wrote much in trains, did he not? Of course any sane writer will take the fullest possible advantage of the blessed fact that he can take his work into the country and do it in the open air, in spite of the restlessness and distraction of the trees and clouds and birds and insects and the like; but for my part, if need be, I could do my work in a steel foundry, or a weaving shed with a hundred looms all banging away at full steam, if I had to, and not do it any the worse for the noise. I therefore do not set up any special grievance as an

author; on the contrary, the "restlessness" of London is the making of a man who can take it all in; for instance, Dickens would never have been Dickens if he had spent his life in Mitcham. But of course I share the general grievance (which specially afflicts idle people, by the way) against the monotony and unmusical character of London noises, the stuffiness of London's smell, the grime of London's atmosphere, the dreadful darkness of London's winter, and the ugliness of London's population.

G. B. S.

W. W. JACOBS
is glad of an excuse.

The country is too dull, and town too lively for work. The ideal place is still to be discovered. In the meantime it is as well to have an excuse.

W. W. JACOBS.

H. G. WELLS
offers no opinion.

I can offer no opinion because I have not done sustained work in London. I do not see why a man who can secure a certain part of the day free from interruption should not write just as well in London as anywhere else.

H. G. WELLS.

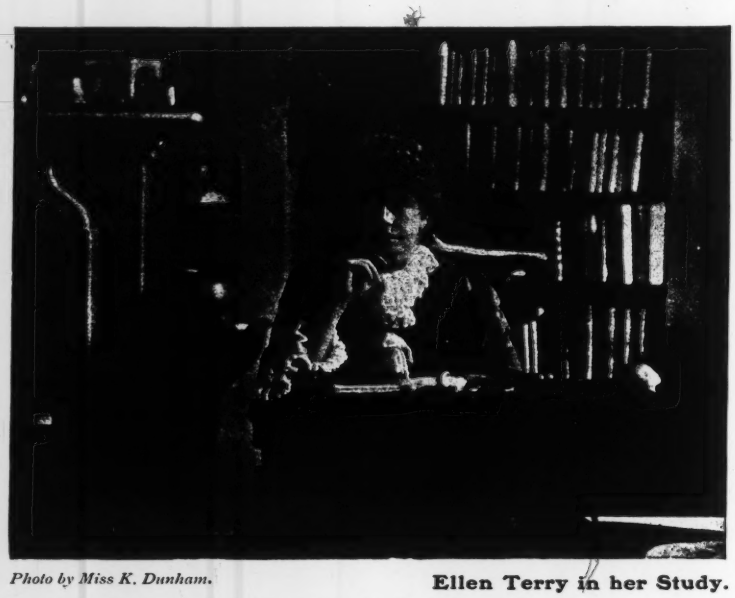


Photo by Miss K. Dunham. **Ellen Terry in her Study.**

From "The Story of My Life." (Hutchinson.)

H. RIDER HAGGARD
speaks on both sides.

It seems to me that the matter is entirely one of individual disposition. Some people like to go out and some like to stop at home; some love the country, some the town. No doubt the members of each class work best in the atmosphere and environments that suit them.

On such points I do not see that it is possible for any individual to generalise for others. Moreover, as a rule circumstances are the master. Few can live exactly where they would like to live, or do exactly what they would like to do. They must fit themselves to whatever shaped hole is prepared for them, and fill up the corners as best they may.

In the country you can choose your air, in the town your society. Each has its advantages, but the fact remains that nowadays most of the work of the world is done in cities. Whether it be the best work is another question; of that I suppose posterity will judge, should it continue to take any interest in the matter.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

PETT RIDGE
is disturbed by quietness.

I find I can write almost anywhere, but for perfect comfort give me my own rooms in the heart of London with traffic and movement near. The quiet and calm of the country are, to me, rather disturbing.

In this regard, however, I should not care to make up a prescription for any one but myself. All I can say is, with Mr. Yeats, that

> "To me the tumult of the street
> Is no less music than the sweet
> Surge of the wind amongst the wheat."

W. PETT RIDGE.

P.S.—I like social engagements.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS
names the only way.

Speaking generally, if a writer is so sensitive to environment that he cannot do his best work in a place, then, if he is a serious artist, of course he would go elsewhere to live. A man who lets "social obligations" come between him and his art simply doesn't count.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ARTHUR MORRISON
likes living out of London

It is not very easy to answer your question, which refers, I think, to a matter of individual temperament and condition. I prefer living out of London myself, though I do not care to stay long or far away from it. It is sixteen years since I lived in London, as a bachelor, and then I found the stout outer door of my chambers a sufficient protection against the bustle of the town. Perhaps a married man could not avail himself of so good a defence.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

E. F. BENSON
finds country life exciting.

I entirely disagree with your correspondent, and personally find the quiet of town an excellent environment for work. I would write more, but I am just plunging into the excitement of country life again.

E. F. BENSON.

TOM GALLON

has tried both.

My own opinion, speaking as one who has done every kind of literary work—novels, plays, short stories, etc. —is that a man, if he be wrapped up in his work and fond of it, can write anywhere. I lived in the country for some time, because at one time I, too, believed that the distractions of London made it impossible for me to do good work here; but I very quickly found that the "unavoidable social engagements" of which your novelist speaks were matters that attached themselves particularly to the country, and not to London.

If a man wants to hide in London he can do so; in the country he is pursued by his neighbours, noteworthy and otherwise, until he can scarcely call his soul his own. You will remember what R. L. Stevenson said about the matter: something concerning a deal table and one chair, I believe. I cordially agree with him.

TOM GALLON.

H. A. VACHELL

and his early novels.

I work in the country, because I like to live in the country. But I believe I should work as well in London or Timbuctoo if a cruel fate constrained me to dwell in either of those cities. At the ripe age of eight I was pitchforked into a big rough school, where I wrestled with the *Pons Asinorum* and the Church Catechism while other fellows were construing Cæsar and being caned. My first novels were written in an office in California. As a partner in a vast business slowly crumbling to pieces I had to receive all-comers: never sure of five minutes to myself. My work was bad, admittedly, but its bad qualities were not caused by outside conditions. Probably a general, upon the eve of a decisive battle, has to subject every nerve in his body to a strain spared to the novelist, but would his dispositions be the better were he and his staff transported to a garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream? I doubt it. I prefer to believe that the clash of arms, "the cannon's opening roar," fire him to supreme endeavour and achievement.

To every young writer I would say: "Conquer your nerves, before they conquer you. Whenever you have something to write, put pen to paper regardless of time and place. Don't lock your door! Don't tie a wet towel round your head! Don't deny yourself to friends or enemies! Stick to it, even if the heavens fall!"

It is well, of course, to bring to the final revision of your work a clear head and a sense of detachment. Write in an express train, or when an organ is grinding, but find a quiet spot to read what you have written.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

RICHARD WHITEING

suggests a compromise.

You may go into the country as much as you like, but the pull of London will generally bring you back again. But with this there is also the penalty of London, and the penalty lies in the absurd customs that make our social gatherings so often a weariness for spirit and flesh. If only there were some easy way of meeting people without meeting them at dinner, and if only, when one had met them at dinner, our hostess would forgo her tribute of the visit of digestion! But this is not all; the meeting sometimes leads to other invitations to dinner, entailing other visits of digestion, to say nothing of the dinners given in return. It is a vicious circle, and it grows larger every day.

Apart from this, there is the necessity of "keeping up one's friends," that is to say of reviewing them in their legions at the ghastly entertainments known as At Homes, or of being reviewed in your turn.

We want a simpler social code. It ought to be understood that the failure to visit is no reproach, and that you may keep people up by the sheer luck of the encounter, with nothing in the incidence of the luck to count against you, or against them. It is all such a wicked waste of time.

Yet we are the slaves of custom, and there is no escape but flight. It is a question of town or country; and you have to make your choice. This is not so easy as it seems. The country too has its obligations of a social nature, some of them more burdensome than those of town. And besides, the country palls, the fields and flowers and perfect quiet are not an all-sufficient substitute for human beings and the shock of ideas.

Happily there is the possibility of compromise. Live mainly in town, and go to the country for retreats; or, according to your tastes and pursuits, take it the other way about. Personally I should prefer the latter, in the shape of a settlement on the outskirts of some rural township within easy reach of London, for inevitable interludes of business or pleasure, and for one grand holiday on the asphalte once a year. Then you might amuse yourself furiously for a fortnight in the appointed way, with due submission to all the conventions, and with the cheering prospect of escape at the end of your term. Such would be my way of making the best of both worlds.

RICHARD WHITEING.

W. E. NORRIS

makes a serious objection.

Personally, I should find it difficult to write in any large city, because I have always been accustomed to the quiet of the country; still, I suppose one might get into the habit of not minding noise. What seems to me a much more serious objection to London is the practical impossibility of limiting one's acquaintance and engagements there. You must choose between making a desert for yourself, which is a little dull, or placing much more time than you can afford at the mercy of the hospitable. There is no middle course.

W. E. NORRIS.

Mrs. MARY E. MANN
prefers a crowd.

When, many years ago, I first began to write, I was already condemned to existence in the country, and there all my work has been done. I have sometimes thought it would have been done better if, instead of struggling against the sleepy influences of solitude, the torpor engendered by communion with the rural mind, I had rubbed shoulders with the world and enjoyed the advantages of those writers who complain that their moods are upset and their ideas unsettled by the noise and hurry of town. Brain must stimulate brain; wit sharpen wit; the perceptions must grow brighter by constant use. If the social calls are disturbing, there are the invaluable joys of congenial friendship, the intenseness of kindred souls. If the air is infected with restlessness, *life* is in the air—farce, comedy, tragedy all around, ready to the pen.

Looking at the question rationally, however, and without reference to my own case, I should say let the man who writes of town life live in towns, let him who would describe the country take up his abode there—a sufficiently obvious counsel, against which it might be thought no argument could be brought, yet neglected flagrantly by many authors, for all that; and with results to be expected and deplored.

MARY E. MANN.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY
would sooner talk.

I can work at any time and anyhow and in any odd corner—but it must be a country corner!

The noise and rush of London would not stop me, but the people would. They can talk, and listen: I have an overwhelming passion for both!

In the country, one's neighbours are always kind but never engrossing. This, for me, makes the best working atmosphere possible. Certainly so long as I could sit and tattle *hard*, I should never write a line. One is just propelled into words by the surrounding dullness!

ALICE DUDENEY.

Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN
in praise of London.

I have found that on the whole London is the best place to work in. I have written more happily and more easily in London than in the quietest village in England or on the loneliest farm in distant lands. But one has to be born with that particular form of mind which regards so-called pressing and unavoidable social engagements as deadly and wholly unnecessary nuisances. Then one is free to gather the true honey. And there are still some quiet places where one can live in peace and collect one's senses after a dash into the rush and restlessness of the streets beyond.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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New Books.

MR. SWINBURNE AS CRITIC.*

It is almost impossible that anything should come from Mr. Swinburne's pen that is not welcome—both for the things that we find in it and do not find in other books of the day, and for the things which we do not find in it though we find them elsewhere. And though the bulk of the criticism on Elizabethan literature which we have formerly had from him is not small, and deals in some of its parts with figures that reappear here, the book is no mere rearrangement, nor is it even a mere rehandling—still less a haphazard selection. The papers—on Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Tourneur—confine themselves (with the doubtful but almost inevitable exception of Marlowe) to what may be called Shakespeare's *middle* contemporaries, excluding the rest of the Marlowe group on one side, and the younger men, beginning with Jonson, on the other. But, besides this unity of subject, they have a further unity of treatment. They are by no means desultory coruscations on this or that aspect of the dramatists and their work: they are, on the contrary, pretty orderly surveys of the work itself in each case, conducted in such

* "The Age of Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

a fashion that the most careful student for long years of the subject will hardly find anything missed that is known to him, and will probably find that Mr. Swinburne knows some things that he has missed. This must be—to a very much larger class of students and readers who have not yet had time to acquaint themselves with the whole matter—a very great gain indeed. For in some cases, such as those of Dekker and Heywood, where the bulk of work is very great and the available presentations of it by no means exemplary, all but very determined inquirers may (not to their great disgrace) feel a little forlorn, and, in the vernacular, "choked off." The six volumes of Heywood's Plays and the four of Dekker's in the Pearson reprints give about as few appliances and means to the reader as it is possible to conceive: while even Dr. Grosart's "Huth Library" issue of Dekker's prose, though a book that one certainly does not regret having subscribed for, and one good to read all through, is almost equally unequipped with editing. Even its indefatigable and copious usher seems to have quailed before the dearth of information, the difficulty of commentary, and (most unusual of all with him) to have felt a certain hindrance to critical examination. Indeed he first postponed his "Memorial Introduction" from the first volume to the fifth, and then cut it down to a mere dozen pages, instead of the scores and almost hundreds in which (with extracts) he delighted to indulge. Now Mr. Swinburne has, very justly, given to these two neglected yet delightful, and in Dekker's case most delightful, writers the two longest of his Essays—fifty pages in one case, fifty-five in the other. And while these essays are the most satisfactory of reading to those who have actually made their way from "Edward IV." to "Fortune by Land and Sea"; from "The Shoemaker's Holiday" to "The Witch of Edmonton"; and from "Canaan's Calamity" to "Patient Grissill"; they will be invaluable guide-books to these pleasant and too little visited countries in the case of those who have not explored them.

One sometimes sees curiously uncritical remarks made upon Mr. Swinburne's criticism. Its enthusiasm, its luxuriance, its occasional succumbings to the charms of the "blue-eyed wanton Hyperbola" are well enough known and not seriously disputed. Indeed there are some—among whom the present writer is proud to rank himself—who think it all the more valuable for these things—all the more likely to bring out the merits and promote the love of literature—in which two points the major virtue of all criticism consists. But we are sometimes told that this criticism is inadmissible, not merely because it exaggerates beauties and ignores faults, or *vice versa*; but because it is "romantic" and obsolete. Now there is not the slightest intention of fighting the Classic *v.* Romantic battle here—quite the contrary, as will be seen immediately. The people, indeed, who tell us that Romance (or at any rate Romanticism) is "dead," may be gently urged not to forget certain verses about "John Barleycorn," and an admirable remark of that admirable bookseller, Sandy Mackaye, about the gruesomeness of premature interment. But never mind that.

The important thing is that these remarks show a strange persistence in the old blunder of supposing that *either* "Classic" or "Romantic" criticism can ever be obsolete; that either can ever finally prevail; that either is in the children's sense the "right answer," every other being wrong. The only wrong thing in criticism is the ostracising of good work: the only right thing the honouring and interpreting of good work. The Classic is perfectly right when he extols order, lucidity, correctness, neatly adjusted fable, absence of glaring fault; he is only wrong when he denounces works which do not meet his demand for these good things, though they provide others. The Romantic is quite right when he praises great thought, exquisite verse, entrancing style, colour, music, suggestion of beauty—wherever he finds them; he is only wrong when he refuses to recognise what beauty there may be in classical ideals. That one set of notions is fashionable or unfashionable, or that it has prevailed for a long or a short time, has nothing to do with its rightness or wrongness: it will come and go and come back as all eternal things have always done and will always do. Now one of the eternal things—fortunately—is that inevitable attraction of the eyes that can see beauty and the tongue that can tell of it, to beauty wherever it is, in whatever company, in whatever guise. Mr. Swinburne feels this attraction as few have done, and expresses it as fewer either have done or are likely to do. Therefore his criticism can never be antiquated. And fortunately enthusiasm of the kind is very contagious and deserves to be propagated by every means in our power. Nobody need—nobody but a very foolish person will—upset unities and disregard decencies because Webster and Dekker and Marston and Middleton and Tourneur constantly did the one and very frequently did the other. Everybody should recognise, and everybody who can will be the better for recognising, the poignant scene and situation, the marvellous character, above all the Golconda of poetic gems that these disorderly persons have flung about in their disorder, and that Mr. Swinburne has piously celebrated as genius celebrates.

Two minor points—not massive but concrete enough—may be worth noticing. The present writer has always been accustomed to consider Mr. Swinburne as being nearly impeccable in criticising verse as verse, and as being both sharp and subtle in interpreting its meaning. He is all the more puzzled at the following censure of a passage of Webster's:

> "We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
> The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend
> Our blood to buy us names, *and in iron hold*
> *Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold.*"

The italics are Mr. Swinburne's: and he adds: "Which he who can parse let him scan, and he who can scan let him construe": afterwards denouncing its "headlong halting fashion," etc.

Now what is the matter with it? I cannot see any difficulty at all in parsing. As for scansion, Mr. Swinburne is the very last person whom I should have thought likely to rule out (though I do not say that they are used here in the most masterly fashion) an anapæst ("ănd ĭn ī-") in the fourth place and an anapæst followed by a tribrach ("tŏ ĭmprīsŏn fŭgĭ-") in the third and fourth. Then there is the meaning. Surely it is clear enough! "In iron hold [In a strong castle] will we [we are content to] eat roots [be subjected to the extremities of siege-famine] to imprison [in order to keep in our possession] fugitive gold [gold that will certainly escape us at death, and probably long before]." Is not that all right, whether it is taken literally or figuratively?

One other slight animadversion, and enough. Mr. Swinburne observes of Tourneur's

> "For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute":

"This is not [?], I take it, one of the poet's irregular though not unmusical lines: the five short unemphatic syllables really run together in one slurring note of scorn, being not more than equivalent in metrical weight to three such as would take their place if the verse were altered and impaired:

> "'For the poor price of one bewitching minute.'"

The argument is quite sound—it could hardly be otherwise coming whence it does. But is it necessary? Is it not much more likely that copyist or printer doubled the *be* from "*be*nefit" in a very common way (especially as "*be*witching" is the more common form) and that Cyril wrote:

> "For the poor benefit of a *witching* minute."

where you still get the "slurring note of scorn" with less danger of inharmonious reading or delivery? But these things are *naucipiliflocculent*; let us rather thank Mr. Swinburne once more for this addition to the goodly row of his volumes, and so an end.

G. SAINTSBURY.

THE MEANING OF MR. CHESTERTON.*

Every one that touches Mr. Chesterton deals with paradox—how tired, even like Mr. Shaw, he must be of the word!—or else falls into it. Hence his publisher of the Bodley Head, certainly not intending to be ironical, has bound up with the volume called "Orthodoxy" now lying before me a strongly seasoned advertisement of the works of M. Anatole France. Now if there be one writer (and one writer's compositions) that Mr. Chesterton would fling into the bottomless pit, M. France is the man. We are told by "Anonymous," in a sketch well worth following to the end, that his hero of Notting Hill carries a swordstick in his daily walks about London. Imagination sees him testing its temper on the Bodley Head, when next he calls at Mr. Lane's to know how "Orthodoxy" is going. Or will he merely smile and quote Arthur Clough, "All is juxtaposition"?

When after eight years, mostly spent in journalism, a man not yet arrived at the "mid pathway" of Dante's reckoning can read a whole book about himself, he may of course feel proud; but he is more likely, in Mr. Chesterton's case, to wonder if he deserves it. For he has invented no new philosophy; with rare good sense he perceives that literature, in our modern handling of it, is somewhat of a silly superstition; he denies neither God nor marriage; he keeps step with the crowd and says he is one of them; in short, he is a reactionary who drops back into the normal. Why, then, the honour of a Life and Characteristics? What is the meaning of Mr. Chesterton? Is he a freak or a force, or that questionable thing in the development of species, a sport? "Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ."

His fighting qualities, which are superb, combined with his love of preaching, would make him out to be an Englishman, and possibly a Nonconformist, by temper and pedigree. In his blood there appears to be a Scottish and a Swiss blend, accounting, on the method which he loves, for his revolt from Calvin. Brought up in the Liberal air, he seems not to have learned any catechism; he was "a pagan at the age of twelve, and a complete agnostic by the age of sixteen." He never read a line of Christian apologetics, but fed his mind upon "scientific and sceptical literature"—all of it, he adds rather slily, "that I could find written in English and lying about." "Lying about" is good—a pregnant word. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, these names of the four evangelists whose gospels were circulated in his young days for the edification of the million delight him no more. But once they were his lamps and guides to wisdom. Who could be so alienated as this clever London boy from Christian theology? Yet the "great agnostics" called up doubts deeper than their own. "The rationalist made me question," he says, "whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer, I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures, the dreadful thought broke across my mind, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!' I was in a desperate way."

Here is the genuine Chesterton, his resolute search after truth and keen insight; his reaction from a passive acquiescence in the teaching of masters who, whatever else

G. K. Chesterton at the age of seventeen.
From "G. K. Chesterton." (Alston Rivers.)

they did, certainly stultified themselves. They attacked Christianity on all sides; well and good, if it were false; but they did so "for all contradictory reasons"; and how could that be unless it were true? Time was needed, but hardly anything else than cool attentive reading, to make it clear that one unbeliever demolished another and frequently refuted his own positions. These arguments had been driven home by the Christian champions; but as our theological Robinson Crusoe had never looked into their storehouse, he fell back on his mother wit and discovered them by sheer thinking. Take note, good reader, of this fact when you are told that Mr. Chesterton's appeal is only to "consequences," and therefore has no value in pure logic. It is not so. If Huxley, Spencer, and the rest break down when cross-examined, that which unframes and shatters their systems is reason—reason moving about in a world of realities. Before any question touching the use to mankind of agnostic or "synthetic" philosophers there came up in Mr. Chesterton's experience the doubt whether what they said was demonstrated or demonstrable, issuing in the conviction that it could be proved exactly the reverse. Those affirmations on which the scientific sceptic relied were not in accordance with known truths. Such is the ground taken in "Orthodoxy"; we must not think to blow it from under the feet of Mr. Chesterton by calling it "pragmatism." He does, indeed, maintain that the Apostles' Creed is "the best root of energy and sound ethics." But he maintains just as firmly that the anti-Christian principles on which his opponents rest their whole structure cannot fail to end in the "suicide of thought." Here then is no evasion or sideslip into a bare utilitarian "modernism." The appeal is to primary certitudes which agnostic, materialist, monist, and their kind are denying with a light heart.

One advantage this daring skirmisher may be thankful for. He is a journalist, not a clergyman. Fleet Street smiles at its favourite son as perhaps a little too wayward, as a trifle eccentric or skittish in his gambollings; but it

* "Orthodoxy." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"All Things Considered." By the same. 5s. (Methuen.)—"G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism." Anonymous. 5s. (Alston Rivers.)

will not suffer any man to call him hypocrite. If he has gone back to the Creed, he is its votary, not its officer. Hence the scandal and the shock to Mr. Blatchford or Mr. Shaw when one of their escaped lions turns and rends them. A greater instance of the like in France was Louis Veuillot; a more exquisite, M. Maurice Barrès. Reaction in a Catholic is to be anticipated, so the world judges; it is only his fighting name. When, however, the trained Liberal strikes out against his trainers, behold, there is consternation in the camp. For he has learned their secret. He is alive to all their tricks of fence. He ripostes in their very style. They do not much mind the heavy artillery of the old orthodox, lumbering along from headquarters, and ineffective because mostly out of range. But the charge of the light brigade is deadly. When journalism takes to preaching the Gospel it will convert the man in the street. He is now the pillar of heterodoxy, and he stays outside the church because he has been taught by those four evangelists of unbelief that nothing vital or true is heard inside it. Mr. Chesterton talks a language he can grasp, puts the matter in plain terms with infinite humour, point, and precision. He is the newspaper turned frankly Christian. And that is his meaning.

It was an immense gain to show the general reader that religion, so far from being a stupidity, had ever in its true time cultivated joy—the joy of life, which our melancholy Ibsens, pessimist Schopenhauers, and heralds of revolt at large were always praising, but never making their own. The tables are turned on a most paradoxical "Free Thought," according to which freedom of any kind was unthinkable. And what are we to say of a "Rationalism" such as, in Mr. H. G. Wells for example, doubts whether reason can be held to give true knowledge, because the instrument of all reasoning is incurably defective? When this degenerate Kantism breaks out on a genial Briton like Mr. Wells, we are justified in sounding the alarm. It shows that the peril of Unreason has attacked even those who believe in progress and in "new worlds for old," meaning of course much better ones. But how can there be progress if we do not know in what direction we ought to go? And what is reform without a fixed standard? Mr. Bernard Shaw falls back desperately on "Will," as if men who are not free could choose to will, or mere resolution were a good thing in itself. All this makes for Mr. Chesterton's argument; if religion is gone, so is reason too; evolution which dispenses with mind in the universe should have no need of it in man. What a plea for the claims of education, enlightenment, and science! Yet floods of that loose irrational talk are poured out upon the democracy, which is invited to glory at once in politics guided by ideals and in a philosophy which denies their value. The Liberal after reading Mr. Chesterton's proofs and instances will, if he has any grasp of logic, admit that unless he betrays his own principles he is bound to be a strong dogmatist and, in short, a Christian. Ideals are not given in Nature; they rise upon it as the mind insists that all things shall have a purpose and a good purpose. Not until then is the secret discoverable which inspires men to become martyrs for humanity, as somehow absolutely worth such a sacrifice.

In this way the true Liberal who was Mr. Chesterton's innermost self, starting where his teachers began, arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to theirs. He relies, as they do, on evidence made up of many strands, on experience, instinct, intuition, authority. But he finds the evidence decisive against them; experience gives them the lie, instinct revolts from them, authority puts them out of court. There is a great human witness coming down the ages—call it tradition or democracy, for either name will suit—and it affirms the leading dogmas that "heretics" assail. It believes in the Supreme as living and personal, in His will as the cause of things, in man as fallen, in God as redeeming him, in miracles, judgments, retribution, the whole Christian drama. And it delights in that which it believes as profoundly interesting. Moreover, this ancient

Gilbert Keith Chesterton.
From "G. K. Chesterton." (Alston Rivers.)

truth has the singular merit of promising truths to come; "the Christian Church in its practical relation to my soul is a living teacher, not a dead one. It not only certainly taught me yesterday, but will almost certainly teach me to-morrow." Meanwhile, "Free Thought" is running rapidly to dissolution. It cannot well deny more than it has denied already. It blasphemes all it knows and is morbid in its practice. It reduces what it calls science to law; but life, on the suggestion it is always making, has no law and no motive. Therefore, says Mr. Chesterton boldly, "I can see the inevitable smash of the philosophies of Schopenhauer and Tolstoy, Nietzsche and Shaw, as clearly as an inevitable railway smash could be seen from a balloon." The will to live, which is the most democratic of instincts, will trample them into the mud over which it passes on to its goal.

I might have amused the many who think of Mr. Chesterton as chiefly a humorist by offering them a view of his rockets and Roman candles. Or have shown the more serious how, accepting the gibe of Goethe and Matthew Arnold that Christianity is a fairy-tale, he sends it home like a magic arrow to the heart of unbelief. Or have pursued the story of his journeys in search of the known, which for years he dreamt was the unknowable. He runs down his own book cheerfully, just as he christens his novels nightmares. But the point, after all, is not whether he provokes us to smile at him or with him. Neither is it a question of smart repartees, or of who is the orthodox Mr. Bernard Shaw. We are dealing with explosives, distinctly labelled as such in the laboratory of modern thought; and we ask, what will they explode? Not the tradition of civilised mankind, Mr. Chesterton answers; not Christian faith or free will or the New Testament, but the chemist who has invented them. Rationalism turns out to be the height of unreason; atheism lends us another proof that God is no creation of priests; secularism cannot touch the world to come but may easily ruin the world that now is; materialism brings to light the intangible soul of man; Liberalism perishes when you take from it the religious dogmas that are its only foundation. Write these truths in classic English or in journalese, with unruffled gravity or a ripple of laughter, in axioms or in paradoxes, what

difference does it make? Since they are truths no master of style can refute them. But I reckon it a notable sign of the times when Fleet Street discovers that the celebrated unbelievers who for half a century ruled press and public opinion were the deadliest of enemies to our race, and the heroes of the modern Dunciad. Light dies before their uncreating word as truly as it died when their goddess Dulness spoke, and the arts went out. "Uncreating" is the epithet which sums and fixes them in history. Mr. Chesterton has stamped it on them once for all.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Among the multitude of books on Mary Stuart, this volume by Miss Stoddart stands pre-eminent for the period it covers—the thirteen years of Mary's life in France. For such a task Miss Stoddart was uncommonly well qualified. To her womanly instincts, her level head, her facile and graceful pen, have been added an intimate personal knowledge of those parts of France in which the lot of the Scottish Queen was cast, an even more remarkable knowledge of the history of the period, and a patient perseverance which is so essential in historical research. In her descriptions of such towns as Bar-le-Duc, Blois, Amboise, Rheims, and Joinville, her observant eye and picturesque fancy have given life to her pages. Her knowledge of the period, as was fitting, has apparently been derived more from French than from Scotch or English sources; and her research has led her to hitherto unprinted MSS., as well as to rare and out-of-the-way books. The outcome of this skill, knowledge and perseverance is a handsome volume, at once interesting, reliable, and instructive. While Mary is the central figure and main object, there is much information about the pageants in which she took part, the persons with whom she was associated, and the manners of the time.

Of Mary's father-in-law, Henry II., Miss Stoddart speaks as favourably as possible, as she also does of the Guises and Diane de Poitiers. "Diane," we are told, "was accustomed to nurse Catherine de' Medici during her frequent illnesses, and the two women lived peacefully side by side, dividing the cares of the household." Henry's relationship was, no doubt, accepted and regularised by custom; but that did not warrant "the most virtuous ladies of the land," such as Mary's grandmother, in allowing "their young sons to pay court to her." His moral character might compare very favourably with his father's, and favourably with that of most contemporary princes; and yet it was deplorably bad. Of the Guises—semi-royal adventurers, as Miss Stoddart calls them—one is not led to form a high estimate. That hypocrisy and immorality prevailed over many who were in high places is Miss Stoddart's candid opinion:

> "The worst men and women of the Court of Henry II. wrote as if the recording angel were leaning over their shoulders. The letters of the period are rarely a true indication of the moral character of the sender. The language of the most fervent devotion rose to lips sullied by the darkest crimes. The Queen of Scotland spent her earliest years in a world where religion, in high places, was sometimes fatally divorced from morality. That is one essential fact amid the broken records of her childhood."

In spite of this opinion, Miss Stoddart believes that some of the purest influences on Mary's character were derived from her residence at the Court of France. She also holds that there is no proof of Mary's having witnessed the executions at Amboise, or that she was ever in the torture-chamber. Her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, is acquitted of direct complicity in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but he "received the news in Rome with rapturous joy, gave a rich present to the messenger, and celebrated a mass of thanksgiving."

It has been conclusively shown, by two of the letters of the Sieur de Brézé, that Mary landed in France neither at Brest nor Morlaix, but at Roscoff or Saint-Pol-de-Leon. In one of these letters Saint-Pol-de-Leon is given, and in the other Roscoff. As the one place is a cathedral city half-a-mile inland, and the other a fishing-haven near it, there is no room for doubt as to the precise place. It may be questioned, however, whether the chapel of St. Ninian was actually built to commemorate her landing. In the opinion of more than one architect well qualified to judge on such a point, the mouldings of the building point to a somewhat earlier period than Mary's. And although St. Ninian was a Scottish saint, the mere fact of the chapel being dedicated to him does not prove that it was connected with the Queen of Scots. It is known that there was an altar of St. Ninian in the church of the Carmelites at Bruges, and that the masters of Scotch ships were bound to contribute to the support of the officiating priest.

It is a singular coincidence that historians have named four places as the one at which Mary's mother, "stark and well complexioned," landed when she first came to Scotland in 1538—Fifeness, Balcomie, Crail, and St. Andrews. The little fishing-haven at Fifeness was apparently the actual place, Balcomie was the nearest gentleman's seat, Crail the nearest town, and St. Andrews the nearest city. Without the slightest reference to Fifeness or Balcomie, Miss Stoddart simply says that she "landed at Crail in Fife, and met her bridegroom at St. Andrews."

In the volume of "Selections from Unpublished Manuscripts" which Father Stevenson edited for the Maitland Club fully seventy years ago, there is a fragment of a letter, dated from Orleans, the last of December, 1560, unsigned, but addressed to Sir Robert Dudley. Stevenson did not venture to ascribe its authorship, but described it as a "letter from a person unknown." Miss Stoddart quotes its striking testimony to the young widow's carrying herself so honourably, advisedly, and discreetly that the writer could not but fear her progress. She does not venture, however, even to guess at the authorship, but contents herself by reproducing Stevenson's title—"letter from a person unknown." Thomas Wright, who printed the whole letter a year after Stevenson printed part of it, had no doubt whatever that it was written by Throckmorton; and Wright seems to be right.

Miss Stoddart says that "the first letter written by Mary after her marriage was a commendation of the ambassadors to her mother." That letter, which is undated, is printed in the Maitland Miscellany and also in Labanoff's Recueil; but surely it did not precede the one which she wrote to her mother on her marriage-day. For the statement that "there were executions for religion" at Dundee, one would like to have a voucher. It may be questioned, too, if Miss Stoddart is right in inferring from the expression of Henry II.—"I am not a useless friend"—that he "felt his consequence in the world much increased by the Scottish negotiations." He might hope to impose on the Sultan by this reference without believing in it himself. These are hardly perceptible flaws in a really valuable book.

This work will make its readers long for the other and greater on the Guises from Miss Stoddart's pen.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* "The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots, from her Landing in France in August, 1548, to her departure from France in August, 1561." By Jane T. Stoddart. With 6 Illustrations in photogravure. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A BORN RACONTEUR.*

As a raconteur Mr. Russell is without an equal. Backed both by birth and by ability he has from the first been privileged to know all the most interesting people of his day, and has turned his good fortune to excellent account.

* "Some Threepenny Bits." By George W. E. Russell. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

He levies his tribute from many sources, and we must be thankful to him for dispensing to us in our turn his accumulated stores of riches. At the same time Mr. Russell's position is not without its risks also. His last book has pre-eminently the defects of its qualities. Mr. Russell is such a thesaurus of anecdote and recollections that he is in danger occasionally of being overwhelmed thereby. The first essay in this volume—on Etrennes—is a case in point. The mere magic of the word conjures up such a host of memories and associations in Mr. Russell's mind that when we have read through the chapter we have really learned very little about Mr. Russell's own sentiments upon the subject, though we have been introduced to a great deal of information about what other people have felt or done. This is a distinct loss, for Mr. Russell's own musings and reflections are anything but the least interesting and entertaining portions of his book. Happily, however, we have examples of both veins. His paper "In Retreat" is a good instance of this second style. The delights of being "coddled" for a few days is not a new subject, but Mr. Russell can take it up in his hands, juggle deftly with it, and, hey presto! we are gaping at him as though he were introducing us to something we had never heard of before.

Mr. Russell's range of subjects is as illimitable as Mr. Chamberlain's veldt. He skips from "Brighton" to "Libraries," from "Budgets" to "Bank Holiday," from "Tips" to "Flatland." This last named is quite in Mr. Russell's best style. His ninepin in this instance is a certain "High Dignitary" of the Church who propounded the theory that Bishops would be degraded by living in a flat. Against his scientific bowling Mr. Russell's ninepin does not long stand upright. He ridicules the idea that "his clergy would necessarily treat with disrespect a diocesan whose study, dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom were all on one floor; while for myself, as a feeble unit of the Laity, I can affirm that I should much oftener pay my respects to a Bishop who was accessible by lift, than to one who dwelt in a 'keep,' approached by a break-neck flight of stone steps, or in a palace containing fourteen staircases covered with a mile and a quarter of carpet, with '260 brass stair-rods.' (For these and similar details of episcopal housekeeping the curious reader is referred to a Pastoral Letter of the Bishop of Winchester, 1892.)" All Mr. Russell's essays are not equally satisfying, but it can well be imagined that there is nothing approaching a dull page in the whole volume. But, we repeat once more, we hope that Mr. Russell will not be too sparing in the future of his own individuality. Too much seasoning spoils the very best dishes.

THE WELL OF ENGLISH.*

The manufacture of "made" books is proceeding very fast just now; surely too fast, both for reason and for profit. Those who are responsible for the production of books, upon the commercial side, know only too well how every day some new proposal of the kind comes along. "There has been no book lately upon Lydgate, or Hoccleve; such an attractive book might be made about either. Seventy thousand words; sixteen illustrations; to sell for half a guinea." The commission is given, and the book turned out in two or three months. It is business-like and up to the contract. Enough copies are sold, perhaps, to pay its way, but long before the season is over it is as dead as Canterbury lamb.

The multitude of these books, with all their specious imitation of the qualities of good literature, is apt to cause a very unjust confusion between a really honest piece of work and a merely perfunctory exercise in book-making; and it is not improbable that, amid the stream of facile manufacture, so sound a study as the book before us may get something less than its proper recognition. For Mr. Coulton is no superficial provider for the libraries, skimming the surface of his subject with the assistance of a couple of encyclopædias. He is clearly a book-lover, and a lover of the old romantic times, and his imagination, fed upon good solid fact, is bright enough and pictorial enough to re-create the period he has studied, and to bring it clearly before the fancy of his reader. He turns aside

> "To dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
> The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green. . . .
> While, nigh the thronged wharf, Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
> Moves over bills of lading,"

and, writing well and with a wealth of well-selected detail, he succeeds in drawing a picture full of vitality and charm; touched in, too, with little strokes of humour which illumine without disturbing the natural course of his narrative. This, in short, is a thoroughly suggestive volume, which every lover of English poetry and every dabbler in popular antiquarianism will like to add to his library.

The actual biography of Chaucer occupies not more than sixty out of the three hundred pages; nor, indeed, was there more to record. Mr. Coulton, moreover, makes no show of literary criticism. Such critical remarks as he adventures are clear and sensible, but they do not profess to penetrate below the surface. The real purpose of the book is re-creative; its value consists in its bright, vivacious picture of the England of Chaucer's day. And very excellently is all this part of the book contrived. Let the following passage, for example, illustrate its pictorial effect:

> "Here Chaucer had only half a mile to go to his daily work, by streets which we may follow still. If he took the stricter view, which held that gentlefolk ought to begin their day with a Mass, and to hear it fasting, then he had at least St. Michael's, Aldgate, and All Hallows Stonechurch on his direct way, and two others within a few yards of his road. If, however, he was of those who preferred to begin the day with a sop of wine or 'a draught of moist and corny ale,' then the noted hostelry of the Saracen's Head probably stood even then, and had stood since the time of the Crusades, within a few yards of Aldgate Tower. Close by the fork of Fenchurch and Leadenhall Streets he would pass a 'fair and large-built house,' the town inn of the Prior of Hornchurch. Then, in Fenchurch Street, the mansion and garden of the Earls of Northumberland, and again, at the corner of Mart Lane, the manor and garden of Blanch Apleton. Turning down Mart Lane (now corrupted into *Mark*), the poet would pass the great chain, ready to be stretched at any moment across the narrow street, which marked the limits of Aldgate and Tower Street wards."

And so on, with a variety of allusion which will delight the true Londoner, reminding him of the abounding interest and romance of his own too-democratic city. And here, in a more meditative mood, is a wise piece of moralising upon the true meaning of those pagan festivals when the maypole

A Party of Pilgrims.

From MS. Roy. 18 D. 11 f. 148.
From "Chaucer and his England." (Methuen.)

* "Chaucer and his England." By G. G. Coulton, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

was reared by St. Andrew Undershaft, and all Lime Street was alive with revelry:

"These May-day festivities, which outdid even the Midsummer bonfires and the Christmas mummings in popularity, were a Christianised survival of ancient Nature-worship. When we remember the cold, the smoke, the crowding and general discomfort of winter days and nights in those picturesque timber houses; when we consider that even in castles and manor-houses men's lives differed from this less in quality than in degree; when we try to imagine especially the monotony of woman's life under these conditions, doubly bound as she was to the housework and to the eternal spinning-wheel or embroidery-frame, with scarcely any interruptions but the morning Mass and gossip with a few neighbours—only then can we even dimly realise what spring and May-day meant. There was no chance of forgetting, in those days, how directly the brown earth is our foster-mother. Men who had fed on salt meat for three or four months, while even the narrow choice of autumn vegetables had long failed almost altogether, and a few shrivelled apples were alone left of last year's fruit—in that position, men watched the first green buds with the eagerness of a convalescent; and the riot out of doors was proportionate to the constraint of home life. Those antiquaries have recorded only half the truth who wrote regretfully of these dying sports under the growing severity of Puritanism, and they forgot that Puritanism itself was a too successful attempt to realise a thoroughly mediæval ideal."

There are some books whose virtue is much better represented by a few quotations than by any amount of specious eulogy, and Mr. Coulton's picturesque, romantic monograph is one of them. The felicity with which he fills in his picture—every detail true to life and eloquent of study—will be clearer from these brief extracts than from all the repeated praise of a reviewer. For there is sound work here, and that rare talent for turning the product of industry to its best uses. The combination is not a common one, and, when found, it may well be the object of grateful recognition.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

A KING OF CONVENANCE.*

Turning over the diverting pages of Mr. Melville's "Wits and Beaux" the other evening, we were congratulating him, mentally, on having found a better field for his energies than the biography of the Georgian Era. But Mr. Melville's stern resolve to take no rest while a crowned George remained uncelebrated by his pen has been proof against allurements of so alien a kind. At any rate, the twitch of his mantle was delusive, for here is a large book on the first and dullest of all the Georges, a man beside whom "Farmer George" stands out as a dazzling wit. It must need a determination of iron to persist in chronicling this leaden dynasty of Brunswick. On perusing Mr. Melville's pages, I have come to the conclusion that George I. was one of those rather abnormally good, but quite preternaturally uninteresting persons to whom the world is almost invariably unkind. If he had been born a waiter instead of a King (or, at any rate, an Elector), he would have been kept on in his place and, perhaps, commended for his probity and diligence, but he would have got the smallest tips of any servant on the establishment, which would have grieved his frugal and thrifty nature. But it is something to have got even thus far, for, hitherto, one has been in the habit of regarding George I. as an unpalatable Whig formula, rather than in the light of a human being at all. The unfortunate thing, of course, about George I. is that he was already arrived at the unromantic age of fifty-four at the time of his accession; and that at the time when our *amour propre* would have him thrilling with ambition and nervousness and exultation and impatience at the idea of a heritage so splendid as that of the triple crown of England, Scotland and Ireland (not to speak of France and North America), George in reality was seeking for a loophole of escape from a troublesome responsibility which would detach him (the least restless of men) from the scene, the people, and the kind of life to which he had grown attached by mutual goodwill and service, no less than by long custom. As Mr. Melville well puts it, George was content with his rank as a sovereign prince of the Empire, he was devoted to his own country, and, born with the attributes of a country gentleman rather than those of a monarch, would have given much to be allowed to wear out his declining years among the pleasant *allées* of Herrenhausen. He hated the parade of royalty. Now he had, an elderly Elector of fifty-four, to—

"go from a country where he was absolute, to another where, so far from being supreme, when King and people differed in a matter of vital importance, the monarch had to give way—the price of resistance having been fixed at worst at death, at best at exile or civil war. He had to go from a country where he was the wealthiest and most important personage to another where he would be merely regarded as a minor German princeling set up as a figure-head, and where many of the gentry were wealthier than he. Worse than all, he must set forth, by no means sure of his reception, and with no love nor even liking for the people over whom he was called to reign."

One might compare the fate of this sedate, middle-aged Elector to that of another Abraham on Mount Moriah, faithful to the pole-star of Duty, but, unlike Abraham, uncheered by the hope that in two centuries to come his seed would be firmly established upon the greatest of earthly thrones. He never felt that he owed anything to England. He was wanted by the party of the oligarchs to be their figure-head, and he took their loyalty for what it was worth.

His coolness frightened them, as he was shrewd enough to see, and he felt no qualms whatever about putting first one hand and then both into their purse, pretty deep. It certainly served the turn of the upper Whig cliques, who got most of the superior wire-pulling directly into their own hands. As for the people, they were juggled off with the old story that George was their only bulwark against popery. In reality, he was a mere pawn in the game, well paid in money but in nothing else. He, for his part, regarded the English in much the same way as William III. had done, though he managed to conceal his dislike of them a little better.

What was the sort of life that duty bade him exchange for Windsor, St. James's, and Hampton Court? Of this Hanoverian life and surroundings Mr. Melville gives us an excellent account, built to a considerable extent upon original research and observation of his own. The court and state maintained at Herrenhausen is very agreeably sketched, and the distribution of the civil list of £40,000 per annum amusingly explained.

Not very much can be said in defence of George's treatment of his son, but two prolific sources of misunderstanding have been skilfully unmasked. Malevolence has gloated over the two ugly rival mistresses—the "twin wives," Walpole calls them, the Kielmansegg (Darlington), and the Schulenburg (Kendal), imported by George from Hanover. What, says Mr. Melville, if one of these much-abused frumps turned out to be no mistress at all but George's half-sister, and if the other turned out to be his morganatic wife? And he sets about to prove it, conclusively in the first case. Nor will he accept for a minute the view that Sophia Dorothea was the injured saint she has been commonly represented, for there is good reason to suppose that her liaison with Königsmark was prior to George's intimate connection with the Schulenburg, afterwards the Duchess of Kendal. The dull-faced, plain-spoken George was, in fact, prosaically speaking, the injured party, rather than the Bluebeard of picturesque advocacy.

The student of the Hanoverian succession will thus find a good deal to arrest him in the chapters leading up to and including the peaceful arrival of the new dynasty in England, for many German authorities have been consulted and not a few traditional errors exposed. After this event, we have little more than a rough sketch of George's reign, though we have some amusing details of the rapacity of his Hanoverian entourage. The international significance of

* "The First George in Hanover and England." By Lewis Melville. With 18 Portraits. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Pitman.)

the change from Stuart to Guelf is outside the range of the present work, and Mr. Melville, perhaps wisely, leaves it severely alone; its chief fault, perhaps, is the incorrigible tendency of the author to mix up the verdicts of late and irresponsible compilers such as Mrs. Clayton, De Saussure, and Mr. Molloy with those of actually contemporary, though biassed, observers such as Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. Original sources and second-hand commentary cannot be too rigidly discriminated in a work of this kind. In other respects the point of view, which is Central European rather than insular, the documents incorporated,* and the candour of the writer in dealing with new material, give this book a distinct value, apart from its entertaining picture of a small German court. There were about six hundred of these courts at the time, and the English charitably assumed that George's was one of the least, a sort of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. We are shown here that it was far otherwise. We are reduced, then, as Englishmen to the reflection that every life should be tried on the touchstone of its one great, psychological moment. This was reached by George in 1714, when he was apprised one night, early in August, of the splendid historic destiny that was before him, and, instead of striking an heroic attitude and going into raptures about his new subjects, he merely turned over in bed, after having given vent to the guttural German equivalent of "What an infernal nuisance!"

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

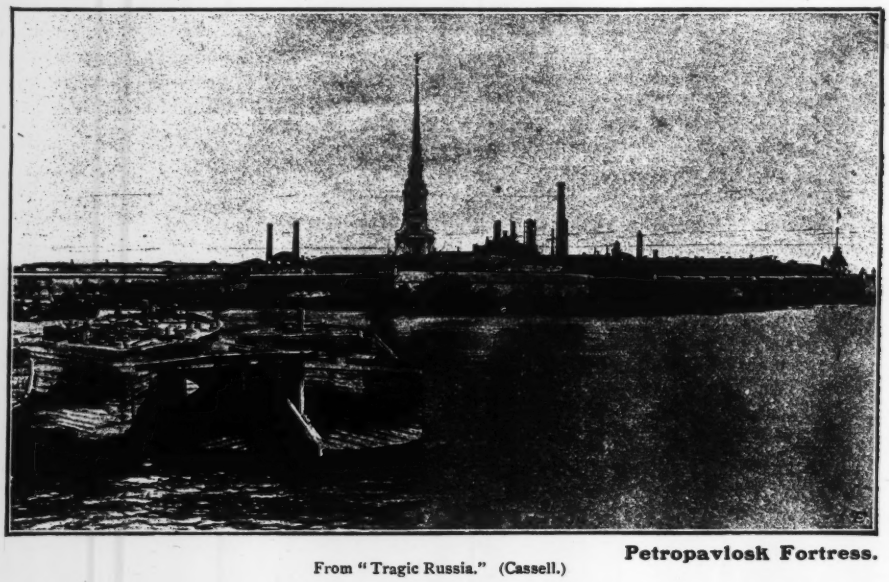
TRAGIC RUSSIA.†

Here is a volume of which it can easily be said that to those who like this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing they will like. Most of the contents is scandal about the Russian court, intrigues, cruelties, licentiousness, the dealings of Czars with their mistresses, and all the rest of it. I suppose many people get a subtle and rather grim satisfaction from reading about the failings of those in high position. Questionable chronicles of court scandals can always find a public. And as there is a general opinion that Russians are lewd as well as brutal, this book will confirm the belief that the Russian monarchy is rotten to the core.

"Tragic Russia" is chiefly devoted to repeating the innumerable stories which have been in circulation this last century about the selfishness, the bestiality, and the crimes for which the Czars have been notorious. The author rarely gives any indication of the wells of scandal into which he has dipped his bucket—although on the last two pages there is a bibliography. He has probably been to the muddy waters of memoirs—the most unreliable source of truth. I have no right to question the accuracy of Mr. Gasiorowski's "episodes"—likely enough many of them are true—but being aware of the whisperings which are current to-day about the private lives of most distinguished personages—usually, on investigation, revealed to be slanders—chariness in accepting the scandals of a century ago may be forgiven.

Emperors, like lesser mortals, have their deficiencies. But after reading this book—interesting, dramatic, "spicy"—the flavour left on the mind is a nauseous one. Even accepting all the stories as true, the thought came to the top whether it is not better to turn the light on a man's good services than rake the muck-heaps searching for the messes of his private life. Every schoolboy knows the story of Peter the Great—the man who really made Russia. Mr. Gasiorowski is not at all concerned, however, to reveal the beneficent side of Peter's rule; that would be beyond the scope of "tragic" Russia. So he cynically suggests that Peter was a "great scoundrel" and that only for the sake of brevity was he called "great." His object is to show that Peter did not care in the slightest for spreading true civilisation in his country; he was a drunkard, there were thousands of victims sacrificed through his "thoughtless barbarism." "That would-be great ruler made slaves of the whole nation, and pushed his country backward instead of forward. If it were not for Peter, Russia to-day would be on the same level of progress as the rest of Europe." Now that is just the question on which I disagree with the author. I take it that the serious purpose of the book is to show that the wickedness of the Russian court has been the cause of Russia's backwardness. It is, however, impossible to speak of Russians as Europeans, as we would speak of the Germans. Russia has been described as the most eastern of European countries and the most western of Asiatic countries; and it is the trait of the Asiatic in the Russian which has produced a condition of affairs which we deplore without always understanding, quite as much as the lust, the gold hunger, the barbarity of the men who have sat on the Russian throne.

It is well, of course, we should see the dark as well as the bright side of things, so we may judge with proportion in our minds. But I cannot think this book was written without prejudice. Take the case of the present Emperor, Nicholas II. He is a good-intentioned man, but a weak man, anxious to do the right thing, but lacking force of character, influenced by those who have most talk with him, unstable in decision, willing to let other people decide. To know this is useful in weighing the history of to-day in Russia. But what object is there is describing the relations of the Czar with ballet-dancers before he was married? And why drag in scandalous stories about the ladies of



Petropavlosk Fortress.

From "Tragic Russia." (Cassell.)

* The Appendix includes the text of the Acts of Settlement, Naturalisation, Regency, etc.; and also a reprint *in extenso* of John Toland's interesting Account of the Court of Hanover in 1702. A genealogical table of the Brunswick line is a valuable feature of the first volume.

† "Tragic Russia." By Waclaw Gasiorowski. Translated by the Viscount de Busancy. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)

the Court? Whether they are true or not, I have no knowledge. But there are such stories about every royal circle in Europe, including our own, usually wildly exaggerated and their circulation limited to journals which trade on the public liking for nastiness. Heaven forbid that I should even seem to be suggesting the veiling of vice, but as Mr. Gasiorowski makes it his purpose to hint and to wink without giving us authority for his stories except, I suppose, the gossip of supper-parties in the Bear Restaurant in St. Petersburg, one is compelled to hesitate before accepting his picture as true.

Mr. Gasiorowski writes with vigorous picturesqueness about the seething unrest amongst the Russian people, and demonstrates correctly enough that Nicholas II. has been a tool in the hands of the reactionaries. His colours are laid on thickly and effectively. This is well, for Russia is a land of violent contrasts. With a bold brush he paints the strivings of the mob and the repressions of the bureaucracy. All this is as it should be; it helps us to understand the tigerish antipathies between those who have the power and those who pant for it. But the backstairs stories—which can be heard in other countries besides Russia, even countries the most enlightened—do not help in the least.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY.*

Since Lady Ritchie's famous "Biographical" edition of her father's works, there have been several editions of the writings and drawings of this most popular author; but of these only two call for notice: the first, confined to the prose works, issued by Messrs. Dent, with three hundred illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock and admirable introductions by Mr. Walter Jerrold; the second, brought out by Messrs. Macmillan, reprinted from first editions with all the original illustrations by Thackeray, Cruikshank, Doyle, Leech, Frederick Walker, etc., and containing everything that was published by Thackeray in his lifetime. The present, the "Oxford," edition contains much matter only before included in Macmillan's edition, and, in addition, several essays from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (collected two or three years ago by Mr. R. S. Garnett), and many drawings from "The Orphan of Pimlico." Well printed, neatly bound, exceptionally cheap, it would by virtue of these qualities command a ready sale: when it is stated that each volume has an introduction from the pen of the editor, Professor Saintsbury, it is at once obvious that the edition claims of right a place on the shelves of all students and lovers of Thackeray.

"As for the introductions," said the editor in his preface, "biographical matter—except in so far as it is directly connected with individual works—will be found mainly in the first; general critical matter in the first and last. But an attempt will be made to connect all—biographically and critically—chapter-fashion, so that the series may be not merely a string of separate essays, but a continuous study. Thackeray's many-sidedness is so great that there can hardly be too many studies of him. In the present case the study has at least one justification—it is of an author who has been, for more than forty years, more frequently in the hands, and more constantly in the head and heart of the student, than any other in prose and almost any other in rhyme."

It is natural that Professor Saintsbury should delight to acknowledge his devotion to the Master, but even it he had omitted to do so, it is everywhere apparent in his introductions that his work is a labour of love, and that it is the labour of love of a discriminating enthusiast.

Professor Saintsbury has, indeed, put all students of Thackeray under a lasting obligation by his illuminating comments and criticism. The first six volumes now issued contain Thackeray's works from his juvenile efforts in the *Snob* and the *National Standard* to "Barry Lyndon," which latter story may be said to close the first period of Thackeray's literary activities. The editor's remarks are mainly confined to the writings of this period, but now and then he makes passing reference to later works: "Lovel the Widower" and "Philip" he considers did not raise Thackeray's reputation, "though no one else could have written them," and in his opinion "Denis Duval" "promised greatly"; while the "Roundabout Papers" he thinks "the consummate and unique work of a unique and consummate genius"—which last pronouncement may, perhaps, send a larger public to these delightful arm-chair essays, at present beloved of the few.

Professor Saintsbury bestows high praise upon the "Yellowplush Correspondence"; and upon the "Surprising Adventures of Major Gahagan," which, though he points out they could never have happened and the reader knows they could never have happened, are yet "quite real *ex hypothesi*; they carry the atmosphere of their own universe with them, and they blandly permeate and intoxicate you with it as if it were so much laughing gas—as indeed it is." He is greatly attracted by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," and thinks, as its author did before him, that it is the best thing before "Vanity Fair," and so convincing is his exposition of its beauties that "the careful commentor" of Thackeray's works who pronounced it "dull" will, doubtless, hesitate before repeating his offence. The editor prefers "Catherine" to "Barry Lyndon," though he admits that the latter work is more mature; but the present writer thinks himself in a majority in preferring the latter work with its rogue of a hero, the amazing

W. M. Thackeray.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, 1833, in the possession of the Garrick Club, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

* "The Oxford Thackeray." Arranged and Edited by George Saintsbury. Vols. i.–vi. (Complete in 17 vols.) (Vol. i., "The Yellowplush Papers," etc.; vol. ii., "The Paris Sketch Book," etc.; vol. iii., "Catherine," etc.; vol. iv., "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," etc.; vol. v., "The Irish Sketch Book," etc.; vol. vi., "Barry Lyndon," etc.) 2s. net per vol. (Oxford University Press.)

Chevalier, and the wonderful Mrs. Barry. Professor Saintsbury, while declining to say that the much-discussed "Elizabeth Brownrigge" is not by Thackeray, obviously inclines to that opinion; and his unpronounced verdict must carry great weight, for he has conclusively proved himself a most competent judge of such a doubtful issue by the brilliant accuracy with which he has made his selection from the essays attributed to Thackeray by Mr. R. S. Garnett in "The New Sketch Book." Though apparently ignorant of the extract from the late Whitwell Elwin's papers printed by the present writer in THE BOOKMAN, April, 1906, he has independently, by a shrewd examination of the articles, reprinted what was Thackeray's and omitted what was not, without a single mistake.

MISS CHARITY.*

"God saw a woman in a sick room. He copied her, and made—an angel." This chapter-heading from Mr. Edward Marshall's "Log Book of the Lyddy" is recalled by Mr. Keble Howard's picture of Miss Charity in the sick room of Triss Palins. As a story, "Miss Charity" is distinctly old-fashioned—so old-fashioned that to some of us it will come laden with sweetbrier memories of our childhood, and will bring to mind long-forgotten faces, such faces, indeed, as we now see smiling out at us only from dim and ghostly daguerreotypes, where the gold watch-chain around the neck is all that remains unfaded.

The immaculate heroine, "the angel in the house," has been out of fashion for a long time; and on the stage, as well as in the pages of a novel, has been replaced in popular favour by the Woman with a Past, or at least with a dash of the devil in her; Coventry Patmore may or may not be responsible for the disappearance of the angel-heroine; Mr. Keble Howard is certainly responsible for her resuscitation.

The one modern note in his tale is the introduction of the rich linen-draper from Birmingham with his motor-car, and his unmitigated cad of a son. An old county family having become impoverished, the linen-draper arranges to rent the ancestral home; and the coming of himself and son to Ullenhall Castle causes no small flutter in the quiet village of Littleworth. Miss Charity, the vicar's daughter, loves and is loved by John Coghill, and all goes well until Charity's cousin Philippa invites herself to stay at the Vicarage. Philippa sets her cap not only at the linen-draper and his son, but also at Charity's promised husband, John. It is around Philippa's machinations that the plot turns; and difficult as it may seem to make a captivating and enthralling story out of such a hackneyed situation, Mr. Keble Howard has done so.

The novel is one of which it would be equally true to say that any one could have written it, and that only Mr. Keble Howard could have written it. With a strong and extraordinary plot behind him, even a poor novelist can fashion a readable story. Out of ordinary everyday material, only the born novelist, the writer of dominant ability, can hope to succeed. Yet Mr. Howard has succeeded, and succeeded so entirely that one may safely predict that here is the Charity which shall cover, if not the multitude of sins, at least the multitude of reams and shall run into many editions. His work has always the subtle quality of charm, but none of his books has quite the charm and attraction of "Miss Charity." The chapter describing John Coghill's assisted proposal is in itself enough to make the fortune of any novel, the reputation of any author.

Mr. Howard deserves to succeed, for his courage—literary as well as moral—is extraordinary. To-day, questions of sex, morality, and religion are discussed with a frankness which twenty years ago would have been accounted rank blasphemy or avowed libertinism. To-day, Early Victorian views of morality and the Sex Question are sneered at, and voted as much out of date as Early Victorian mahogany furniture. Yet to-day Mr. Keble Howard comes forward with the blandest of smiles, to invite our attention to an Early Victorian heroine and to ask us to applaud Early-Victorian virtues and sentiments. The miracle of it all is that he succeeds—succeeds in compelling our attention, capturing our sympathy, and winning our applause.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "Miss Charity." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

COUSIN PHILLIS.*

To most of us the name of Mrs. Gaskell has hitherto spelt "Cranford." Comparatively few of us have any personal knowledge of this fragrant idyll, "Cousin Phillis," which first saw light in the *Cornhill* in the early 'fifties, and is now ably and tenderly introduced by Mr. Thomas Seccombe to a forty-five-year-later audience. To read "Cranford" and "Cousin Phillis" now, and realise their respective dates, is to pause surprised at their order of production. "Cranford" came first—came, indeed, among Mrs. Gaskell's earliest writings, and Mr. Seccombe remarks: "Based upon generalised reminiscences of early childhood and youth, 'Cranford' is coloured too with the riper tints of autumn, and the wonder is that these hues of sadness should be manipulated to so exquisite an issue by so fair, so sanguine, and so youthful a hand." The hand, however, was over forty years old when it began these finely artistic sketches of an avowedly inartistic period; and in forty years there is much opportunity to learn observation and suffer experience. The wonder lies even more, it seems to us, in the spontaneous radiance, the young glamorous youth and freshness of the later story, which gleams as if steeped in early morning sunshine, and is fragrant as a garden of dew-washed gillyflowers. Its charm is so elusive and delicate that the idyll seems passively to refuse detailed criticism; scenes, characters, phrases, captivate us, but in spite of this it stands to be judged whole, it appeals as a young, living thing.

Mr. Seccombe's Introduction could not be bettered; we have read it four times, out of sheer pleasure. In five-and-twenty pages he is reminiscent, enthusiastic, critical, enlightening; he tells us the history of the story in England and on the Continent; he shows us the growth of Mrs. Gaskell and of "Cousin Phillis." To his own work he has brought thought and knowledge; to Mrs. Gaskell's work affection and understanding. And as an annotator does any one surpass Mr. Seccombe in his own way? There are just four notes to this Introduction, and each is a model of generous conciseness, each is apt, helpful, graphic.

The story of "Cousin Phillis," "that flawless, radiant idyll," is of a kind but rarely achieved with full success. Perhaps they achieve it more often in America than here, though one such triumph was certainly attained by Mr. Walter Raymond some years ago in "Tryphena in Love"—a *Queen's Treasure*, too, which would not be out of place in this series. Numberless new readers will now make acquaintance with Mrs. Gaskell's heroine, as Cousin Paul did, when, as he says, "the westering sun shone full upon her, and made a slanting stream of light into the room within. She was dressed in dark blue cotton of some kind; up to her throat, down to her wrists, with a little frill of the same wherever it touched her white skin. . . . She had light hair, nearer yellow than any other colour. She looked me steadily in the face with large quiet eyes, wondering, but untroubled by the sight of a stranger." And they will

* "Cousin Phillis." By Mrs. Gaskell. With Introduction by Thomas Seccombe and Illustrations in colour by M. V. Wheelhouse. "Queen's Treasures" Series. 2s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)

leave her, as we have done, languid after her sorrowful illness, her heart bruised by an unmeant hurt, her hands holding the blue ribbons which her pitiful father had bought in his almost childlike endeavour to please and rouse her, and in her heart a new germ of courage.

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

These three books have nothing in common except that they happen to be written by three of our most distinguished women novelists, and to be, moreover, three of the best novels they have ever given us.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has for some years past been her own great rival; every new story she has written has been compared with the phenomenally popular "Ships that Pass in the Night," and critics have qualified their praise with a "But when will she write something else as good as that first book of hers?" Many of us think she did this in "The Fowler"; only a negligible minority can fail to recognise that she has done this, and more, in "Interplay." Here her outlook is wider, her range of character more varied, her knowledge and insight surer and deeper. She has a fuller story to tell, and tells it with a riper skill, a subtler craftsmanship. Briefly, "Interplay" is a plea that women should be granted something of the social freedom that is allowed to men. Harriet Rivers has a past, but feels it is unjust that she should be compelled to live always in the shadow of it; she holds that a woman has the right "to pass on," and begin afresh, even as a man has. In her own view, the real error of her youth was when she let herself be drawn into marriage with a man she did not love, and learned to loathe; when she met the man she loved, she went away with him, and lived with him happily and without regrets until he died. But now love comes into her life again, and her past rises up against her, yet her purity and sweetness and loyalty are so manifest in what she does and has done, in all she says and leaves unsaid, that Dr. Edgar Bending, the broad-minded, big-hearted fellow who loves her, understands, and finds it easy to forgive everything, if it needs forgiveness. "Men find it hard to be generous to women," Harriet's friend Margaret reminds him. "I don't criticise them. They are hemmed in by traditions and by the code they have created for their own convenience. But now and then a man rises head and shoulders above his fellows, and shows the right way for the new generation to tread. You are one of those men." There is some delightfully humorous characterisation; Margaret's Pecksniffian brother William, the bank manager, and her quaint, domineering, alert old Aunt Caroline are not unworthy of Dickens himself. One is a little sorry that there is no happy ending for Margaret as well as for Harriet Rivers; and yet the end as it stands is so finely poignant, so charged with deepest pathos, so touched with beauty that, after all, one would not have it altered.

"The Heart-Smiter" is one of those charming little domestic comedies that Mrs. Mann writes so entertainingly and with such consummate cleverness. There are tears in it as well as laughter; it has an underlying seriousness, and here and there skirts the edge of tragedy; but its prevailing tone is light and genial, and it runs a provokingly interesting course to an ideal close. Daphne Snare writes a piteous letter to her kindly, wealthy aunt, the Lady Bellam, and is invited to come and live with her. "She tells me very little," Lady Bellam says to Edward, her brother-in-law. "She and her mother, and a poor crippled sister—I remember we knew, somehow, the first child was born a cripple—lived together in a horrible kind of genteel poverty till she was left alone in the world, when naturally she turned to me." Daphne's mother had been a barmaid; and when Lady Bellam's brother married her his family turned their backs on him. By-and-by he died, his widow married again, and even Lady Bellam had not troubled about his children until now. Daphne arrives and creates a good impression at once, though the reader is subtly made to feel that she is in some way disingenuous. One morning, opening Lady Bellam's letters for her, Edward Bellam discovers amongst them one from Daphne's mother asking if her daughter is with them; explaining that she has a comfortable home with her and her second husband and has no need and no right, in defiance of her dead father's wishes, to accept charity from her rich relations. Edward keeps this letter to himself for awhile; he is horrified at the glib ease with which Daphne lies about her dead mother and her brutal step-father, and presently lets her know that he has found her out, and seeks to induce her to tell the truth to her aunt and not force him to betray her. She defies him, and pity for her and shame against being the informer keep him still silent; and eventually, after she has won all the hearts in the household and subdued the reader, who knows the worst of her, to an appreciation of her charm, it is Daphne herself who reveals her secret, but why she does this, how it comes about that she does it, and what follows thereon are not to be related except by the book itself, which tells of it all with a humour of character and incident and dialogue, and a tenderness and human charity, that make the reading a pleasure not to be missed, nor to be discounted by the blabbings of a reviewer.

Two love romances are woven into "Rose-White Youth": one of middle-age, that, when it has long been broken off and seems past all possible renewal, rounds to perfection; and one of youth that dies in the bud. The latter, whose heroine, Betty, with her bright unconventionalities, her conscious and unconscious witcheries, her utter truthfulness, her wonder of red hair, is as vividly alive as any character in either of these three novels, makes the main thread of interest, and it takes hold upon the reader with a gathering intensity until, at last, a trivial, natural misunderstanding opens a door to tragedy, and the mists of that foolish suspicion clear away too late, after the day is done. The tale is many-coloured, as life is; there is much of joy in it, and something of sadness; something of heartache and smiles, and something of regret, and it remains in one's memory for the ingrained humanity of its men and women, and for the exquisite art that has gone to the fashioning of the narrative. An original and uncommonly attractive piece of work.

* "Interplay." By Beatrice Harraden. 6s. (Methuen.)—"The Heart-Smiter." By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Methuen.)—"Rose-White Youth." By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Cassell.)

IAN MACLAREN.*

Biographies may be divided into two classes—those in which the interest depends mainly on personality, and those which are primarily records of great achievements. If a biography of John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, was to be written at all, it was inevitable that the dominant feature should be personality. A man of many-sided ability, he cannot be said to have reached the first place in any particular sphere. As a preacher he was surpassed by many of his contemporaries; as a theological writer he struck no distinctively original note; to scholarship he made no pretensions; as a writer of fiction his fame, wide-spread when it lasted, had not the stamp of permanence. Dr. Nicoll as biographer seems to have felt that he was working within distinct limitations. In the preface, stress is placed upon Dr. Watson's personality. "His sympathy," says Dr. Nicoll, "his tenderness, his kindly humour were, to those who knew him, inseparable from his presence, and all attempts to describe or report him must be sadly inadequate." "If," continues Dr.

* "Ian Maclaren: Life of the Rev. John Watson, D.D." By W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nicoll, "these pages do not reveal John Watson as a man of many gifts, of large and generous nature, of unwearied fidelity in service, and above all, a devoted member of the Christian Church, I have completely failed."

On that score Dr. Nicoll need have no fears. He has written a fascinating Life of his friend: he has given us a portrait in which the various elements which went to the formation of an engaging personality are tenderly delineated. And what is of special importance, Dr. Nicoll has supplied his readers with the materials necessary for the adequate understanding of Dr. Watson's character and career.

We have here indeed a curious study in psychology. Watson felt no special call to the ministry. He entered the Free Church, though his sympathies were with the Establishment. On friendly terms with the Evangelicals, his intellectual affinities linked him with the Moderates, and though a Presbyterian, he was never quite at home in the atmosphere of Church Courts, his mind at certain points reaching out to the ideals of Roman Catholicism. In view of this it is not surprising that out of all these distracting and contradictory influences Watson never evolved a coherent system of thought. With the help of Dr. Nicoll, it is not difficult to estimate the influences which moulded the mind of Watson. His Roman Catholic ancestry explains the fascination which doctrinal forms and practices had on him, while his dislike of sensationalism in religion—which he inherited from his mother—along with his love of literature attached him to the Moderates. Dr. Watson seems to have made no effort to reduce his views to coherence. His mind, sentimental impressionable, and assimilative, was deficient in constructive power. With a touch of the mysticism of the Celt, he could sympathise with much in Roman Catholicism that he could not intellectually justify, while on a question like that of the Higher Criticism he could afford to allow his intellect free play, inasmuch as the sentimental equation was not a disturbing factor.

It is a curious fact that the defects which prevented Dr. Watson from being a systematic thinker helped greatly to increase his influence as a preacher. The systematic thinker whose aim it is to reduce everything to first principles tends to alienate those whose minds are impervious to his logic. Thus it is that the Calvinist in the old days had few, if any, points of contact with the Arminian, the Evangelicals and the Moderates moved in different worlds, while the Unitarian was considered beyond the pale. The old hard-and-fast distinctions are being broken down, thanks largely to the catholic attitude of Dr. Watson, Ever ready to do justice to the good points in all beliefs, he found ready access to the minds and hearts of men of the most diverse creeds. Dr. Nicoll puts this well when he says:

> "Watson had very little part in the Protestant controversy. With many of the Evangelical clergy he was on terms of cordial friendship. His relations with the Roman Catholic priests, and to a lesser extent with the High Church clergy, were even more cordial. There was a side of his nature that turned this way. But he was also very much drawn by the literary culture, true piety, and the noble ethical teaching of the Unitarians. . . . His strength lay in the many-sidedness of his sympathies. He could preach sermons which pleased the Evangelicals, sermons which pleased the Unitarians, sermons indicating great breadth, and sermons of such intensity and urgent appeal that they might have come from a flaming evangelist in the great revival. Thus he was able to draw around him a congregation of very various constituents."

The cynical critic might interpret this to mean that Dr. Watson became all things to all men. The true interpretation is that by virtue of his artistic temperament and genuine sympathy with the various moods of the religious life of the time he was able to touch diverse chords of thought and feeling. With the artistic side of Dr. Watson's nature which found outlet in fiction, Dr. Nicoll deals very effectively. In fiction Watson belonged to the school of Rousseau. He was a sentimentalist. Not that Ian Maclaren was ignorant of the sordid side of life, which with Zolaistic realism we are made painfully familiar with in "The House with the Green Shutters." Clergymen know that side of life only too well, but Ian Maclaren saw little good in wading in the putrid waters of human life. He preferred to "Slake the eternal thirst of our nature for those waters of the ideal that glimmer before us, and still before us." Considering that his fictional literature was the product of a life devoted to other things, it may well be surmised that had Ian Maclaren devoted himself to novel-writing, he would have enriched Scottish literature with new types of character in an entirely new setting. Dr. Nicoll has done his work well. Those who knew Dr. Watson only from his writings will find in this biography a key to a complex personality in which were mirrored the intellectual tendencies, the changing moods, and the religious aspirations of a complex age.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

Novel Notes.

ROUND THE FIRE STORIES. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Probably Sir A. Conan Doyle is tired of being told that he is a born story-teller; but the fact remains; he has the knack, the gift—call it what you will—of capturing his reader's attention, piquing his curiosity in an opening paragraph, and then holding him interested to the finish. In this collection of seventeen stories of the grotesque and terrible his very titles have the right alluring touch of grim suggestiveness, as "The Club-Footed Grocer," "The Black Doctor," "The Sealed Room," "The Brown Hand," "The Fiend of the Cooperage." For thrilling and tragic intensity it would be hard to beat "The Pot of Caviare," a story of how a party of Europeans are besieged during a Boxer rising; when their end seems near and their fate inevitable, an old professor brings out a pot of caviare for supper, and all except one girl of the company eat of it; she dislikes the stuff and nothing will induce her to touch it. Supper ended, one by one all the other men and women round the table succumb to drowsiness, fall asleep, and so lapse into death, the professor remaining conscious latest of all, and reproaching the one survivor with her obstinacy, confessing that he had taken this merciful way of saving himself and the rest from the torment and dreadful outrage to which the Boxers would presently have subjected them. When he is at his last gasp there is a noise of fighting, a sudden tumult without, the door bursts open, and the advance guard of an English relieving force dash in to the rescue; the girl swooning at sight of them, and the professor finding strength to warn them with his last breath not to eat the caviare. It is an admirable collection; most of the stories are of the hauntingly weird and supernatural order; all of them are just the sort to be read aloud round the winter fire, but not at bedtime.

PURPLE LOVE. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is in "Purple Love" perhaps less of the stir and dash and noise of perilous adventure than we generally find in a novel by Morice Gerard; nevertheless, there is intrigue, the march of events, and enough of thrilling incident to satisfy the most exacting of readers, and there are two glamorous love affairs that are more interesting than much plotting and involve a duel and an attempted abduction that give a very effective fillip of sensation to a quite delightful idyll. For the tale is of how the calm, resolved

William of Orange came a-wooing the Princess Mary of York, with the powers of Rome bent upon thwarting him and the Princess's father, the Duke of York, openly complaisant, but secretly leagued with his enemies. The more passionate, headlong love of Henry Beauclerc, William's friend and attendant, for the sweet Anne Trelawney, one of Mary's maids, makes a second thread of interest; and the mute unrewarded devotion of the Princess Sophia to the Prince of Orange makes a third; all three being woven with ripest narrative skill and cunning into a vivid and thoroughly entertaining romance. Mr. Gerard knows his period intimately and paints his picture of it and of its people easily and well.

GAY LAWLESS. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a sporting novel, largely concerned with the mysteries of trotting and steeple-chasing. We gather that the former "sport" is rather despised by the high patrons of the Turf in England, and on the whole, we are not surprised. For in spite of the sudden but ardent enthusiasm of Miss Gay Lawless and the mild toleration of that admirable Crichton the elderly Mr. Rensslaer, it seems a somewhat disreputable and dreary form of entertainment. No wonder Miss Lawless achieved notoriety when the gentleman against whom she was racing for the Gold Vase deliberately filed off the screw from the "toe weight" and so gave her the victory. This was hardly fair to the bookmakers and betting men, and it served Mr. Carlton Mackrell right that he should be "expelled for ever from driving in the club house." The story includes some good descriptive work relating to horses and their riders, and is full of the jargon of the Turf and the racing stable, which, though highly diverting to the initiated, is rather a strain on the ordinary reader. Probably Mr. Rensslaer was right when he observed that "There's no money to be made at racing as you practise it—the surroundings are not healthy either morally or physically—there is too much excitement, too much bodily waste." When Miss Lawless and her friends turn from horses to give opinions on political questions, we do not like them so well.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall in fez and kaftan.
Author of "The Children of the Nile."

Miss L. Dougall.
Author of "Paths of the Righteous."

THE CHILDREN OF THE NILE. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Murray.)

"The Children of the Nile" is a vivid story of Egyptian life, likely to prove especially fascinating to those who know the country and the people; but it is so full of colour and movement that even the uninitiated will read it with interest. Mabrûk, the semi-civilised young student, is a very clever study of a complex character, and Mr. Pickthall shows how European influences and education are powerless to change his nature, and how, when he returns to his native village and old conditions of life, the Egyptian proves himself at heart an Egyptian still. Mr. Pickthall knows the man of the East and the life of the East, and makes both very real. Mabrûk, in spite of his absolute lack of principle and his indifference to truth, is a warm-hearted and in many ways a lovable character. Ordinary readers will be grateful to Mr. Pickthall for his "Glossary of Arabic and Turkish words."

PATHS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. By L. Dougall. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The estrangements of Christians in a country village, and the ill will born of the unhappy divisions between Anglicans and Nonconformists, are the theme of this novel; and the "purpose" of its author is reconciliation. The hero of the story is Mr. Ward, a benevolent old fellow, whose heart is full of love to God and man. Mr. Ward and his wife leave Canada and come to live in the village because their nephew is vicar. They possess great wealth, but this is not known. Finding the relations of church and chapel far from cordial, party feeling running high over the Education Bill, and quickened to bitterness at the General Election, old Mr. Ward does his best to pour oil on the troubled waters by pleading all round for wider sympathies, a closer understanding of mutual aims, and a more generous appreciation of common services. Of course it is a tough job. For the vicar is a rigid and devoted Anglican, and his wife has a preference for high society as well as for high church. A fanatical old Nonconformist minister, whose learning has rather encouraged than hindered the conviction that all Jesuits and ritualists are in league to establish the Inquisition in England, does not

Photo by Maull & Fox.

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.
Author of "The Sunny Side of the Hill."

improve the situation from the point of view of Christian brotherhood. The measure of Mr. Ward's success, and the various people he meets—Professor Pye, the good Bishop, Willie Latimer the artist, Orianne and Miss Kennedy, and many others—must be learnt by the reader. "Paths of the Righteous" is a careful and faithful study of religious temperament and religious experience.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE HILL. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The first thing a reviewer has to do is to congratulate Miss Carey upon her title. It is not only attractive but appropriate. The next duty before him is to demur respectfully to the publishers' *précis* of the novel, which announces, among other items, that "Miss Brydon's story is too sacred and unusual to be told. It should be learnt at first hand." This is a heartless encroachment upon the privileges of the poor reviewer, for Miss Brydon is one of the main figures in the book, and certainly, next to her vivacious niece, Maureen, the most attractive woman in it. However, the reviewer must keep off this plot of grass evidently. The rest of the story, it may be said without any breach of confidence, is not unusual. The Chaytors are a mixed family, with friends and relatives whose tastes offer rich spoil to a practised novelist, and in Miss Carey's hands we know that the tale of love's ramifications will be managed with deftness and good sense. It is a story of modern domestic England, fragrant with the charm of the country and youth and self-sacrifice. Miss Carey has written it with her customary ease, and her public, especially the feminine majority of it, will probably welcome its excellent tone and ample variety.

HILARY ON HER OWN. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The first time Hilary's father, a mild zoologist or botanist, was known by his family to have sworn was "when mother had accidentally turned the garden hose upon him when she was watering, and he was lying on his stomach in the tall hollyhock bed examining a snail." The second occasion of his profanity seems much less excusable. It was during a family debate upon Hilary's startling proposal to leave her quiet Derbyshire home and seek employment in London. Upon this solemn occasion, the placid gentleman turned upon his wife with the shattering decision, "Why, I'm—damned if I won't let her go," and Hilary went. She stoutly declared that marriage was not her object. But no shrewd reader will be surprised to find that her experiences end in matrimony. The London scenes are brightly drawn. Hilary's attempts to serve as a secretary are depicted with considerable humour, and the tragic note is not a-wanting. The impression left by the book as a whole is one of genuine interest. Mrs. Grundy has succeeded in avoiding the easy pitfalls of sentimentalism and cynicism, and her novel is a bracing and fresh piece of work.

THE GREAT MISS DRIVER. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The father of the great Miss Driver was a silent, hard-headed, business man, who began life as a tanner, was thrifty, saved money, built houses, sold them and built more, speculated largely and successfully, developed a district and became owner of the greater part of it, then died, a loveless, lonely man, and after his death, to the surprise of his confidential secretary, Austin, and of almost everybody else who had known him, it came out that he had a daughter. Years before, his wife had gone away from him, and the sight of their child being more than he could bear, he had put her to live amongst strangers, had never been to see her, had never spoken of her to any but his lawyer. Now she is sent for in haste, and is brought home to learn that her father's will makes her a very wealthy young lady, whose riches and the mortgages she holds on their properties win for her more respect than liking from some of the high old county families. She soon proves herself a capable woman of affairs; the relations that grow up betwixt her and Austin, whom she retains as her secretary, are very pleasantly intimate; there are times when you suspect that she will end in marrying him, but she does not, and it would have been a mistake if she did. Lovers she has in plenty, and the one she loves seems superficially as little attractive as any of them, but there is something in his rugged, unconventional honesty that appeals to her own frank and honest unconventionality, yet the very strength of his iron will makes her afraid of him, and her own strong will fighting always against his dominance, she vows she will never risk marrying and becoming subservient to him. She tries a desperate way of escape, and disaster and scandal come of it; to evade this she goes away with him to Paris, the less unconventional draw their inferences, slander gets busy with her reputation, and she returns at length, with the girl who is to bring a sweeter love interest into the tale, and in the shadow of a vague story of how the man she went away with has been killed in a duel—returns and will explain nothing to her shocked neighbours, but by her courage here and diplomacy there stills their wagging tongues and gradually breaks down their decorous barriers, and has the district at her feet again. There are some charming touches of comedy; the tragic episodes are very ably and effectively managed, and the whole story is written crisply, ingeniously, and with unfailing resourcefulness.

The Bookman's Table.

EARLY VICTORIAN AND OTHER PAPERS. By E. S. P. Haynes. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The author of "Early Victorian and Other Papers" first attracted our attention by his "Standards of Taste

in Art" some few years ago. It was a brief but suggestive essay by one who was obviously that rare bird, a keen and disinterested lover of literature. Detachment from purely literary ideals added a charm to the book. In these new essays this detachment is even more definite. He writes not because he cannot get out of a habit, nor yet because he reads, but because he takes a genuine interest in life, which as a social man he most naturally expresses in print. Several of the papers would have a peculiar interest from their subject alone. One, for example, embodies several hitherto unpublished letters from Nelson's daughter, Horatia, to the author's great-grandfather, Sir Harris Nicholson, and these letters throw a valuable light upon the character of Lady Hamilton and on a doubtful point in her career. A romance of 1821, again, contains a series of charming stately letters from a young lady to a lover (afterwards her husband) whom she believed to be in need of self-examination. A third is a study of a very little known book, "Old Humphrey's Walks in London," which reveals some nineteenth-century English characteristics in a manner beyond the reach of any but Samuel Butler's irony. But it is not upon these essays that Mr. Haynes's book depends for its undoubted attractiveness, but upon a real power of words used to express a personality of mingled bluffness and delicacy. They are pretty clearly the casual but none the less carefully considered asides of one who is usually too busy with living to talk about it. Any criticism from those who are not professional penman is interesting, Mr. Haynes's particularly so, because it has an individuality of an unusual kind, liberal, seriously interested in ideas and affairs, but unable to join a party, and certainly not a Liberal party. The only fault we have to find is that the writer is not always at the pains to justify his dislikes. As a defendant he is good, but his touches of spleen have too often a purely verbal effectiveness which does him less than justice.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER. By E. J. Banfield. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The reader who is lured by the title of this volume into expecting the criminal outpourings of a South Sea waster will discover, as he turns the pages, first that Mr. Banfield is not a beachcomber, and next, that Mr. Banfield makes no confessions. He will discover, further, that the volume is not a compilation for the market, but a real book, genuinely inspired and most agreeably written. It is the story of a later Thoreau who finds his Walden Pond in a tiny islet, Dunk Island by name, lying off the coast of tropical Queensland. We like the book immensely; but we should like it still more were it a little less objective and external. It might contain less about the flora and fauna of Dunk Island (though we should grieve at any subtraction) and much more about Mr. Banfield himself. We can guess a little. He is obviously a lover of literature, for the reader will find, on every page, choice phrases of the poets, felicitously remembered, and deftly interwoven with the story. Moreover, he certainly enjoys writing, or he would not write so very pleasantly.

Mr. Banfield also wins our admiration because he loves the birds, and has resolved that sound of gun shall never be heard in his little kingdom. He might, without a blush, appropriate to himself those lines in which Emerson hails as friend him who can name the birds and leave them unshot, who can love the flowers and leave them on their stalk. He varies his admirable account of birds and beasts and plants by quoting the odd sayings of the black boys. We are pleased at the humour of one who characterised rhetorical poetry as "Irish talk," and recognised a photograph (nude) from an old master as a "French lady." Another lad left a mission station in disgust because the missionary having told "big fella Boss (*i.e.* God) to gib it daily bread," then gave him not bread, but "corn (*i.e.* hominy) all assame horse"! An excellent book full of excellent pictures. One, a picture of mother and child, is as beautiful a thing of the kind as we have seen.

COUNT LOUIS, and Other Poems. By Henry H. Schloesser. 1s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

We find in this little book both achievement and, what is more fascinating, promise. So while reading the blank verse of "A Beatitude," we could not allow the occasional eccentricities of the verse to bring us to a premature stop, for there is high sincerity and a vision of the early Shelley rose before us. This burning poem and the longer "Count Louis" do not lend themselves to quotation. But here is one of Mr. Schloesser's valentines:

"An you so list
I must exist;
But should you give,
I live!—
If you deny,
I die."

THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a thoroughly good and useful volume. The average English reader asked to name some famous American painters would perhaps be puzzled—until he remembered that Whistler, J. J. Shannon, Abbey, and Sargent were Americans. Beyond these he would probably be dumb. But there are others, and here is a soundly written and lavishly illustrated account of them. We wonder why the director of the Guildhall Gallery, who has organised exhibitions of French, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish art, does not give Transatlantic art a turn. How many English picture-lovers know the beautiful work of Homer Martin, of Childe Hassam, of George de Forest Brush? It is true that a book cannot supply the place of an actual exhibition, but Mr. Caffin gives us as much as words can give. The special characteristics of the various artists are dealt with in the text, and the well-chosen and well-reproduced plates give point to the story, especially as a legend beneath each picture indicates notable points of form and colour lost by transposition from the original. The seasoned picture-taster will no doubt find American art very derivative. Even in reproductions the foreign inspiration is obvious. As we turn the pages we see plainly the influence of Munich and, later, of France. Here is a plate that spells Rousseau, another that spells Corot. Here is a picture of Pittsburg that descends from Monet's Gare St. Lazare, and here a girl at a gate that is plainly the daughter of Berthe Morisot. To say this is not to decry the art of America. It is surely something to have learned from good masters; moreover, original art always begins by imitation—soon comes the inner and peculiar vision. How near America is to this, the reader can learn from the present volume.

THE MAKING OF CARLYLE. By R. S. Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Craig has written a suggestive and very interesting volume. "The connection subsisting between every great man and the birthplace of his race and family lies hidden beyond human speculation, but it is at all events intimate, vital, and momentous," he writes in his opening chapter. "So much of the 'making' of any one is concealed in the mysteries of Time and Space, that we must infer the fashioning to have been carried on with peculiar relationship to situation and environment during the long, dark ages. Ecclefechan has a history distinct and apart from that of Carlyle, but it is the history of Carlyle which leads the world to think of that of Ecclefechan, and is our business at the present moment." The book deals, of course, only with the earlier years of Carlyle, the years in which he was gathering experience, forming his opinions, trying, often unsuccessfully, to write his thoughts into living language, struggling doggedly for recognition. You follow Carlyle through his school days, through his essays at school-mastering, his tentative studying for the Law, his time as a private tutor, through the vicissitudes of his courtship, to his beginning of the literary life as a con-

tributor to the magazines, to the first years of his married life and his assured success as an author with the "French Revolution" in 1834. Some of the best passages in the book are those in which Mr. Craig traces the origin and development of Carlyle's characteristic style. There may not be much in it all that will be new to the diligent student, but it is a careful and serviceable bringing together of what is known, with a running commentary on it that is at once shrewd and entertaining.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It was a happy idea to collect into this handsome volume the complete set of wood-blocks engraved for the famous "Household Edition" of Dickens. That edition, issued in 1870 and still cherished in many an old-fashioned country-house library, has been superseded by the handier issues of recent years, and it is well that the present generation of Dickens-lovers should be able to enjoy and place upon their shelves "the best pictorial accompaniment" that Dickens's novels ever received. Whatever may be the opinion as to the actual artistic merits of the drawings of Fred Barnard and Phiz, Charles Green and Frost, none can deny that the types they created are now part and parcel of our Dickens heritage, and upon their work every future illustrator must in large measure depend for inspiration and suggestion.

Notes on New Books.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

A fascinating book for all who are interested in architecture, or history, or both is the dignified volume just published by Mr. Batsford, **English Houses and Gardens in the 17th and 18th Centuries** (15s. net). It is not in the least cumbersome to hold, but it gives a series of specially beautiful reproductions of contemporary birds'-eye views of country-seats and of a certain number of Oxford and Cambridge colleges. The plates, which have been selected with good judgment, show many styles, and represent the work of the most famous architects of the periods. The title gives them as 17th and 18th century houses and gardens, but the actual building was often that of the 16th century, and includes Tudor and early and late Stuart. It is interesting to follow in these valuable engravings the development of taste and the growing care for comfort and good proportions; interesting, too, to see the surroundings of such diverse subjects as Eaton Hall and the Beaufort House at Chelsea. We learn from these more than the style of the house—we learn the state of the district, and from the little figures introduced gain hints as to the manners and customs of the people. The volume is beautifully produced in most appropiate style, with concise, valuable notes by Mr. Mervyn Macartney.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

In praising Mr. Noyes for his fairy anthology, **The Magic Casement** (6s. net), we feel inclined to give as much approval to the charming idea as to the sane and sympathetic manner in which it has been carried out. There is no discord in this volume, and yet there is no sense of sameness. The fairy-world beyond the casement does not weary, it is varied without violence, and is merry as well as solemn. Gnomes and imps and witches are here, as well as elves and mermaidens and moon children, and manliness as well as mystery is felt in the crowd of "little people." Mr. Noyes is to be envied for the enthralling task he set for himself, and for his success in fulfilling it. Mr. Stephen Reid as an illustrator is all that could be desired; he has caught the very glow and gleam of the land, and makes us realise colour as we look at black and white.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

We offer the heartiest congratulations to Miss Rhoda Broughton on her latest novel, **Mamma** (6s.). It is a triumph, indeed, for a writer of Miss Broughton's many achievements—a writer who gave a bubbling "Nancy" to a considerably younger generation—to offer to us now a comedy of character which contains all the freshness and fun of a first book written by a distinctly twentieth-century young man or woman. "Mamma" is delightful in her deceptive amiability and crass selfishness; her adoring daughters are equally so, each in her different manner. The "cult of Mamma," indeed, is sufficiently amusing—linked on, as it is, to two or three slender love affairs—to keep the attention alert and the smiles at the mouth corners from "Chapter I" to "Finis." The passing of years does not stale this authoress's vigour and originality; she is capable of giving us rollicking surprises, and keeps us eager for her next idea, for Miss Broughton, now, as with "Nancy," possesses the gift of creating new styles in fiction.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Christmas has struck its cheerful note, and we already have to give a ready welcome to two gorgeous annuals, **The Girl's Realm** and **Chums** (8s. each), which Messrs. Cassell & Co. send to us. In the former such favourite writers as Mary E. Mann, Katharine Tynan, Evelyn Everett-Green, Helen Keller, Alice Corkran, and Evelyn Sharp give assurance that the high standard of this delight of girls is still maintained. In *Chums* from cover to cover it is full of thrills and good sense, of fun and advice, in picture, story, and article. No one can do wrong in securing these volumes for boys and girls, for there is something in them to suit every nature.

From the Garden City Press, Letchworth, comes an **Engagement Calendar** which is quite the best idea we have ever seen for a calendar. It is plain as regards figures and simple as to design. It shows a full month on a long, stiff page, with clearly marked weeks, and a line for every day's engagements. The months are arranged separately, and hung together on a ribbon, not to be torn off, but turned backward or forward as past or the future references are needed. Each page is decorated with a black and white scene from Garden City, and the calendar, we prophesy, will, if once used, prove itself a yearly necessity.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, whose name stands for enterprise and whose manipulation of colour has become a recognised thing, have begun two large books to be published in parts; these are **Wild Beasts of the World** and **Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow Them**, each complete in seventeen parts (1s. net). The letterpress in each case is careful, interesting, and instructive, and the large plate illustrations are marvels of colour-printing.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Mr. John Murray is bringing out some very attractive reprints: the latest to come under our notice is a particularly attractive thin-paper edition of George Borrow's works. We have **Lavengro**, containing the unaltered text of the original issue, with some suppressed episodes and various notes; we have **The Zincali** and **Romano Lavo-Lil.** The handy little volumes are but 1s. net each, and the type is excellent.

From Messrs. Chatto & Windus comes another Stevenson volume in their useful St. Martin's Library of pocket-volumes. This is **In the South Seas**, and undoubtedly to open at any of the well-set, large-type pages is an inducement to read on from that point for sheer pleasure in the good presentment of a good book.

For happy enterprise in the matter of reprints and new editions Messrs. Nelson are among the foremost of our publishers. We heartily welcome their notable shilling library of copyright books. The list of these is a list of valuable serious works and charming *belles lettres*. On our table at the moment are four of the first volumes—**Scrambles amongst the Alps**, by Edward Whymper; **Collections and Recollections**, by G. W. E. Russell; **The Life of John Nicholson**, by Captain Trotter; and **The Great Boer War**, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In the promised volumes are delights so varied as to range from Mr. Paul's "Life of Gladstone" to Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age." It will be a unique shilling library of popular works.

Another publisher with a noticeably true love of literature for its own sake is Mr. J. R. Tutin, the publisher of the "Hull Booklets." Eight small brown volumes reveal a whole wealth of fine writing, of imperishable thought, and one shilling and fourpence may purchase the lot. They are **A Walk in Chamouni**, and other Poems, by Ruskin; **Criticism on English Poets**, by S. T. Coleridge; **Prose Sayings and Verse**, by Walter Savage Landor; **Sayings from the Letters of John Keats; Shelley, the Man and the Poet**, by Robert Browning; **Anacreon Odes**, translated by Thomas Stanley; **Four Early English Poetesses**, —which include "Orinda," "Astræa," and "Ardelia"—and **Early English Elegies**, a distinctive collection of the older, briefer poems of this nature. Mr. Tutin has evidently a love for the older poets and a true understanding of their beauties—his booklets attest this; they are admirable, and as twopenny-worths are astonishingly good.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRETT, G. S.—The Philosophy of Gassendi. 10s. net. (Macmillan)

CHANDLER, ARTHUR.—Ara Cœli: An Essay in Mystical Theology. 3s. 6d. net .....(Methuen)

CONWAY, MONCURE D., L.H.D.—Lessons for the Day. 6s. net.....(Watts)

DAHLKE, PAUL.—Buddhist Essays. Translated by Bhikkhu Silácára. 10s. net .....(Macmillan)

DELITZSCH, FRIEDRICH.—Whose Son is Christ? Translated by F. L. Poyson, M.A. 1s. 6d. net (Philip Green)

Expositor, The. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. V. 7s. 6d. net.....(Hodder & Stoughton)

Expository Times, The. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. XIX. 7s. 6d. .....(T. & T. Clark)

FORSYTH, P. T., M.A., D.D.—Missions in State and Church. Sermons and Addresses. 6s. ....(Hodder & Stoughton)

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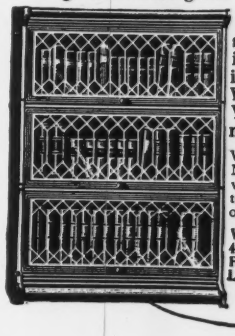

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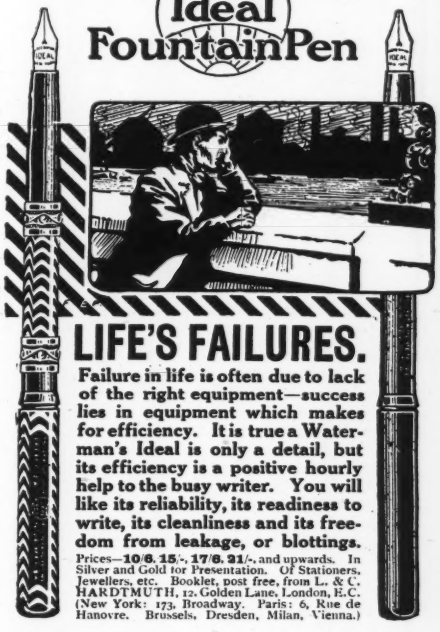

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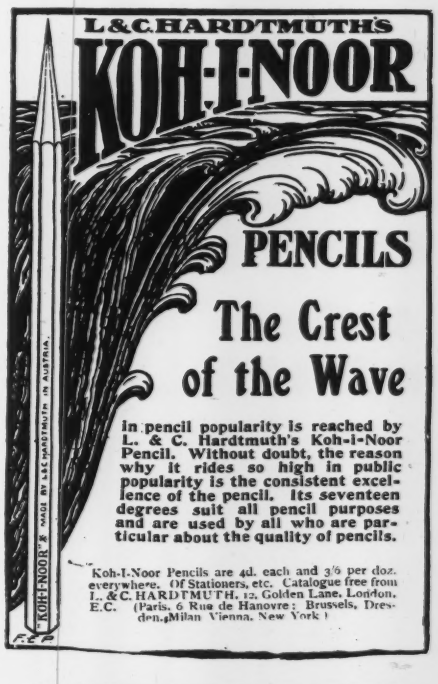

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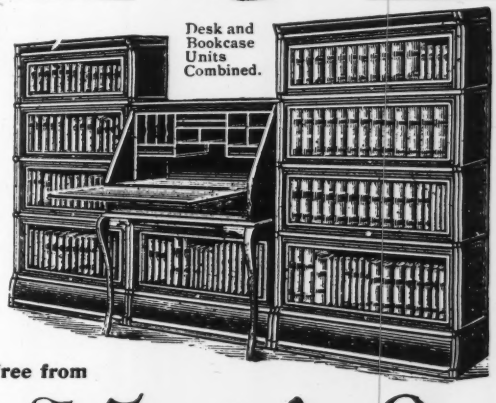

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